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Yankee Trading . . . . . *Cognosco* 97

The Artist (Story) . . . . . *John Lineaweaver* 100

Invisible Subsidies . . . . . *Douglas H. Stewart* 110

The Job-Master General . . . . . *Oliver McKee, Jr.* 119

Consider the Third Little Pig . . . . . *J. M. Nolte* 127

Hitler and the German Church . . . . . *George J. Walmer* 133

Labor Leader . . . . . *Karl Pretshold* 142

Modern Woman's Defenses Against Living . . . . *Alvan L. Barach* 151

Heresy (Poem) . . . . . *Frances Minturn* 159

Design for Diplomacy . . . . . *Henry Carter* 160

The Snowslide (Story) . . . . . *Geraldine Seelemire MacLeod* 168

The Literary Landscape . . . . . *Herschel Brickell* 185

The Financial Outlook, by *John Pell* (Front Advertising Section); Notes of a Cosmopolitan, by *Barbara E. Scott Fisher* (Rear Advertising Section).

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Silver

The Thomas amendment to the Agricultural Act of last spring granted to the President the power "to fix the weight of the gold dollar in grains nine-tenths fine and also to fix the weight of the silver dollar in grains nine-tenths fine at a definite fixed ratio in relation to the gold dollar at such amounts as he finds necessary from his investigation to stabilize domestic prices or to protect the foreign commerce against the adverse effect of depreciated foreign currencies, and to provide for the unlimited coinage of such gold and silver at the ratio so fixed."

For two months following October 20 the President used his powers in connection with gold along lines laid down by Professor Warren, of the Cornell Agricultural School, in an attempt to attain his cherished goal—higher commodity prices. During that period the RFC exchanged nearly 100 million dollars of its debentures for gold bullion and the *Annalist* weekly index of wholesale commodity prices dropped three per cent.

On December 20, accordingly, the President announced that the Federal Government would absorb virtually the entire annual silver production of the United States at sixty-four cents an ounce, twenty-one cents above the market level at the time of the announcement. The proclamation says: "The Director of the Mint, with the voluntary consent of the owner, shall deduct and retain of such silver so received fifty per cent as seigniorage and for services performed by the Government of the United States relative to the coinage and delivery of silver dollars. The balance of such silver so received, that is fifty per cent thereof, shall be coined into standard silver dollars, and the same, or an equal number of other standard silver dollars, shall be delivered to the owner or depositor of such silver."

The silver market ignored the President's proclamation entirely, closing virtually unchanged the day after the announcement. If its price should rise materially, silver mining will be stimulated, and the country will be deluged with silver.

There is one potential virtue in the step. Since it follows exactly the plan laid down by Senator Key Pittman last summer at London, it is to be hoped that it will silence him and his fellow "silverites" in the forthcoming session of Congress. They can not, any longer, claim that something should be done for silver—something has been done for silver.

Supreme Court of Labor

The National Labor Board has attracted relatively little notice in the press since its inception last July, although it is an institution of very great importance. It is not too much to say that it is a new Supreme Court, since it is empowered to settle by mediation, conciliation or arbitration all controversies between employers and employes which tend to impede the purposes of the National Industrial Recovery Act, provided, however, the Board may decline to take cognizance of controversies between employers and employes in any field of trade or industry where a means of settlement provided for by agreement, industrial code, or Federal law has not been invoked.

The National Association of Manufacturers recently published an analysis of *The National Labor Board's Three-Month Career*, which mentioned that, "It has ordered the reinstatement of strikers in preference to strike-breakers and has included strikers in the election of worker representatives to deal with employers. It has been active in promoting and supervising the election of worker representatives. In some instances the Board's procedure has ridden rough-shod over private contracts. In the New York boot and shoe dispute the Board held that 'those of the alleged union contracts made since the inception of the strike, which have not resulted in the return of a majority of the workers in any of the shops affected by the strike, are

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invalid,' although the contracts were made with an American Federation of Labor Union."

Crops

THE Department of Agriculture estimates the total value of farm crops for the harvest of 1933 at slightly over four billion dollars. This compares with $2,800,000,000 for 1932, four billion for 1931, and eight billion for 1929. Practically all crops are smaller than they were last year, but due to higher prices, total values are greater. The farmer, with a billion dollars added to his income, has perhaps more to be thankful for this Christmas than any other member of the community. Most other classes who have enjoyed some relief from the severity of the depression during 1933 are faced with either high taxation or severe regulation during 1934.

Construction

AS REPORTED by the F. W. Dodge Company, contracts for residential construction let during the first half of December, 1933, exceeded, in dollar value, those of the entire month of December, 1932. Total construction contracts during this same period were fifty per cent higher than during the corresponding period of the previous year.

This upturn, particularly in residential construction, is of the greatest significance, indicating, as it does, a return of spending by the people. Fear of inflation has perhaps played its part in the renewal of construction activity, but a good deal of it can also be accounted for by the absolute necessity of repairing, improving, and enlarging houses long neglected. Whatever the cause, however, this construction pick-up is an important step in the road towards recovery.

Congress

THE recently convened Congress may be counted upon to provide the newspapers of the country with headlines for the next few months. I believe that this session will mark the high water mark of the movement towards state socialism in this country, and that it will be followed by a swing towards conservatism, following the example supplied by England, a year and a half ago. Meanwhile, however, we may as well prepare to hear some hair-raising pronouncements from the floors of Congress. The not surprising bitterness of the country towards what the average man thinks of as "Wall Street" will find vent in a move to regulate the Stock Exchange, and curb the few remaining avenues of profit in investment banking. I do not believe that a good deal of legislation will be enacted this winter—fortunately. There will be too many approaches to too many problems, too many turgid speeches, too many denouncements of everybody except Congressmen. We can count on the passage of tax legislation which will include higher income taxes and the abolition of the capital loss feature of the present income tax law. I doubt if there will be any change in the Securities Act—it is being taken too seriously by disgruntled bankers, anyway. Senator Norris will demand a one hundred per cent tax on utility holding companies and Senator Pittman will ask for more favors for silver. But something has already been done for silver, and the utility industry serves a useful purpose. There is comfort in the proven ability of the President to "handle" men, smooth over situations.

Index

MR. WHITNEY, in a recent issue of the *Annalist* has written an illuminating article dealing with what has been for some time one of my pet theories. I am convinced that a good many of our troubles can be traced to the overdevelopment of the facilities for assembling statistical data. As Mr. Whitney points out, the idea that the 1926 price level is normal is entirely the result of the fact that the Bureau of Labor Statistics happened to revise its index of wholesale commodity prices in 1927, using, for the sake of convenience, 1926 as the base year. On the basis of the old index which used 1913 as the base, prices in 1927 were at 143, or forty-three per cent above normal.

Reason sometimes plays strange tricks with us. If, for example, we are able to measure something, we are led to believe that we can control it. It was not until the elaborate statistical machinery necessary to produce an index of commodity prices had been devised that it occurred to any one that he might control the price level, or that it was desirable to do so.

Repeal

THE effect of the repeal of Prohibition is no longer a matter for speculation; it is a realized fact.

(*Continued on page XI*)

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Outstanding Books of the Season

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BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

FICTION

The Mother. By *Pearl Buck.* New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

The life of one woman is the subject of this story; the setting is Chinese and the mood is similar to that of *The Good Earth.*

Return. By *Michael Home.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

The characters are sympathetically drawn in this novel of the English countryside.

The Young People. By *J. D. Beresford.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This is the third volume of the narrative about Mr. Beresford's characters, the Hillingtons, a middle-class English family.

BIOGRAPHY

The Edwardian Era. By *André Maurois.* New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

The life of Edward VII, the trends of his era and the influences of men who were outstanding at that time are portrayed in Maurois's vital and readable style.

Crowded Hours. Reminiscences of *Alice Roosevelt Longworth.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

These pages are filled with entertaining incidents from the author's eventful life and with sketches of notable people in political and diplomatic life.

POETRY

Riddle and Reverie. By *Leonard Feeney.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Spontaneous and gay verses on a variety of topics.

PSYCHOLOGY

Motion Pictures and Youth. A Summary. By *W. W. Charters.* Combined with **Getting Ideas from the Movies.** By *Perry W. Holaday* and *George D. Stoddard.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

In this volume, one of the Payne Fund Studies, the authors draw some conclusions regarding the problem of movie-attendance by children and the responsibility resting upon producers of establishing children's departments.

ECONOMICS

The Economics of the Recovery Program. By Seven Harvard Economists. New York: Whittlesey House. $1.50.

An analysis in non-technical terms of this country's present economic policy. The authors of the volume are: Joseph A. Schumpeter, Edward Chamberlin, Edward S. Mason, Douglass V. Brown, Seymour E. Harris, Wassily W. Leontief and Overton H. Taylor.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Yankee Trading

BY COGNOSCO

The New Dealers, renouncing isolationism, prepare an attack on Mr. Grundy

"You have shown our neighbors that your ideals and mine are not empty words." Such was the cable sent by President Roosevelt to Secretary Hull at Montevideo on December 26, 1933, the significance of which can not be overestimated. Those words definitely mark the end of our isolationist policy as regards international trade. They signalize the meeting of minds of the two most potent foes of foreign trade stagnation in the world today. Not that there was ever a great divergence of viewpoint between President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull, but on one minor point there was sufficient difference of opinion between the two for political opportunists to attempt to create a schism. High tariff Democrats and the politically ambitious sought to divorce the President from Hull's well-known low tariff policies. Their point of attack was Hull's loyalty to the principle of the unconditional most-favored-nation treaty and Roosevelt's partiality toward reciprocity treaties. Technically the two methods of attack on trade barriers are not incompatible, but in principle they are antagonistic. By that I mean that there are enough internationally accepted evasions and exceptions to the M.F.N. treaties to make it entirely possible to negotiate bi-lateral treaties without passing on the benefits to "undeserving" nations. However, essentially the M.F.N. treaty tends in the direction of multi-lateral negotiations while the reciprocity treaty is essentially a bi-lateral treaty. Hull's tendency has been to attempt to reach the goal of a broad world trade in one jump. Roosevelt was content to take two jumps, via the bi-lateral bargaining route. I say tendency for it was only that—Hull being too great a statesman and too good a politician not to accept any honest route that promises to lead with least resistance to the ultimate goal: the elimination of those artificial barriers which prevent nations from conducting a mutually profitable business with one another.

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Raymond Moley's retirement from the Administration paved the way for the complete accord of the President and Secretary of State on tariff policy.

WHEN Hull presented to the Pan-American Conference on behalf of the United States the resolution to eliminate world trade barriers, he took cognizance of certain conditions of national emergency that must be considered and dealt with before the final consummation of the ideal tariff policy that would make this the best of all possible worlds.

The general policy of the Administration is clear. Unless we are willing to restrict our agricultural production to our domestic requirements we must cultivate our export markets. We are neither willing nor able at the present time to undertake such drastic restrictive measures, which would lower our standard of living and probably defeat the more moderate steps already taken in the direction of a managed agricultural economy.

Under the circumstances, it is recognized that:

(1) We can not export our surplus crops nor the surplus fruits of our now idle factories, without accepting foreign goods in return.

(2) Under the principle of "capacity to pay," we can only collect our debts if we give foreign countries an opportunity to pay through the medium of admitting more of their exports.

(3) The individual economic problems of the various nations of the world, including our own, are too complex and acute to permit of blanket tariff policies.

(4) We must treat with each nation separately and later attempt to integrate the various trades and treaties so arrived at.

The President, with his usual tendency toward direct action, proposes, if possible, to stimulate our foreign trade by a process of actual barter of specific quantities of specific commodities. The model will be our recent trades with England and France of hog-products for whiskey and wine. The Administration is not unaware of the possible dangers in such international bargaining—the creation of a ruthless international competitive spirit, the subordination of international economic planning for momentary advantages and the further isolation of already economically weak nations.

Against these disadvantages must be considered the requirement of immediate priming of the pumps serving the conduits of foreign trade; the political advantage in high tariff countries (and aren't we all?) of tangible, specific trades with their immediate discernible advantages against the older system of joggling tariff rates in a political sombrero and attempting by legislation to pull out a white rabbit which as often as not proved to be the grunting hog of special privilege.

To accomplish its purpose, the Administration will probably

(1) Ask Congress for broad Presidential tariff powers to enable him to alter rates on specific trades;

(2) Create a corporation, either entirely financed by the Government or jointly financed with private and Government capital, to serve as a medium through which specific trades can be negotiated, financed and the resulting business equitably be distributed to existing American importers and exporters;

(3) Coördinate all of the existing governmental agencies having to do with foreign trade, the Tariff Commis-

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sion, State Department, Department of Commerce and Department of Agriculture.

As we approach the active consideration by the Administration of the tariff problem, we again are able to discern another rib in the skeleton of the New Deal upon which the President hopes to put some flesh and live tissue. Like almost all other parts of the recovery programme, the general policy and broad plans have long since been formulated. On September 29, 1932, at Sioux City, Roosevelt outlined in colorful phrases his plans for reciprocal trades. "I haven't the fear that possesses some timorous minds that we should get the worst of it in such reciprocal arrangements. I ask if you have no faith in our Yankee tradition of good old-fashioned trading? Do you believe that our early instincts for successful barter have degenerated or atrophied? I do not think so. I have confidence that the spirit of the stalwart traders still permeates our people, that the red blood of the men who sailed our Yankee Clippers 'round the Horn in the China trade still courses in our veins. . . . When it comes to good old-fashioned barter and trade—whether it be in goods or tariff—my money is on the Americans!"

It is high time that we injected a little Yankee shrewdness into our international commercial policy. For years past, we have been doctrinaire and apathetic in the field of foreign trade, excepting, of course, our recent profligacy in lending huge sums to foreign countries without the slightest thought of how it was to be repaid. England in particular has taken a legitimate advantage of our torpor and has consummated innumerable bi-lateral treaties to the decided disadvantage of the United States.

The President may be trusted not to permit his foreign policy to interfere with national reconstruction but, in the very near future, we may expect to see posted in every port in the United States a sign bearing the legend, "Open for Business During Alterations."

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The Artist

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

Joe was awake, or at least he was not asleep, for several minutes before he opened his eyes. He lay in his favorite position, on his side, with one knee crooked into his stomach and one hand under his cheek. He lay that way for some time. Then he began to listen, trying to judge the hour by the sounds of activity in the house; and finally, grunting a little, he turned on his back.

He stifled a yawn with the back of his hand and opened his eyes. They were rather large blue eyes, not unhandsome, but this morning somewhat bleary and with for Joe a slight but noticeable ache behind them. He yawned again, seeing that the sun was shining, that he had neglected to put the cover on his typewriter, which stood on the bureau a short space from the white painted footboard of his bed, and that by the clock, which stood next to the typewriter, it was nine o'clock. Nine-twenty, then, would be more like it, since the clock was old and lost ten or twelve minutes a day and he had forgotten to set it ahead for some time now.

He felt vaguely depressed as his gaze traveled upward from the clock to the large mirror. The mirror gave back to him, besides the section of footboard, an Alinari print of an Annunciation by some minor Twelfth Century painter whose name he had forgotten (poorly framed, though it was the best Hoskins' —Books, Stationery, Gifts had been able to do), a mediocre reproduction of a Negro mask, which he had purchased at an exorbitant price in New York three summers before, and a framed photograph, clipped from *Vanity Fair*, of a portrait of a girl by Renoir—all three against a background, a kind of rain of indeterminate blue and pinkish flowers, in clusters of four, with blue, yellow-bordered leaves. Joe was all for plain wall-paper, and when his mother papered again—which, however, wouldn't be for quite a while, since the paper was good and money was tight these days with the Yardleys and, since his father's death the autumn before, growing tighter—when his room was papered again, he would see to it that the paper was a plain light tan or oyster white.

He lay staring at it all without pleasure for several minutes. He did feel rotten. He almost had a headache. He closed his eyes again. . . . Yes, he felt almost completely unrested, as he did most mornings these days. It was partly psychic of course, but it was more that he was unable to get to sleep much before two, a restless hour or so after he

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had put aside whatever book or magazine he had been reading. He was accustomed to saying that night was his best time, that he began to feel most alert around ten, and to excuse himself for this, which to his brother appeared to seem an indulgence, by telling of a dramatic critic he had once heard about who had chosen to be a dramatic critic simply because he was similarly affected.

At the thought he opened his eyes again. If he didn't look out he would fall asleep again and that would mean he would not wake up before eleven. Although, as he reminded himself, there was nothing much for him to get up for, he did not like this to happen (which of course did not keep it from happening two or three times a week). He did not like it to happen for three reasons. The first was that he would feel badly until about three in the afternoon; the second that, though his mother scarcely ever called him and though his brother, who managed what the depression had left of the family business, never spoke of it, he felt that both disapproved; and the third reason was that, not as deep down inside him as he would have professed, he himself disapproved—heritage, as he would have said, of his respectable middle class upbringing.

He scratched one ankle with the toes of the other foot and considered the day before him. It was Thursday, the sixteenth. Or was it the seventeenth? Yes, the seventeenth, of September. Perhaps some of the new magazines would be in at the newsstand. And of course the bill would be changed at the town's two movie houses. The pictures, however (he remembered), were neither of them ones he wanted to see. At the moment he did not feel that he would be wanting to go to the movies, anyway. The fact was, he was fed up on movies. Somehow or other he had seen practically every half-decent one that had played Westonville during the past six months—and some not so decent, like that one he had seen the other night of Nancy Kent's. It had had that young actor who had been so successful with the Guild, Frederick Terry, in it, though, and although he wasn't a Hollywood type and the Gotham Theatre audience hadn't seemed to notice him, he had given a pretty fine performance as movie performances went. Joe himself would rather be an actor like Terry than a dozen Clark Gables, he thought. Even more, he would like to write a script for Terry: one that would make him with the fans and cause him to be forever grateful to Joe—Joseph B. Yardley, The Author. It would be a book first, of course; his second novel. It would have had a great critical success, like his first (which had gone through four editions—or make it five), and it would have become popular also, the success both critical and popular of the year—the Pulitzer Prize winner—two or maybe three or even four hundred thousand copies sold—his name on every literate person's lips—fifty thousand dollars or more for the movie rights. . . . Joe's heart began to beat faster and a vague happy smile began to play about his lips. . . . Himself called to Hollywood; he would at first refuse to go, then cynically decide he might as well run out and see the circus and pocket the several thousand a week he had been offered, and . . .

But at that moment the door creaked open, startling him to a sitting posture and chasing the dream, and his mother stood in the room, looking down at him.

She was a slight, gray-haired woman, dressed entirely in black, and a muscle

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jerked in her lined cheek as she spoke. "It's half-past nine, Joseph. I'm sorry to have to call you, but it's cleaning day, you know."

There was a slight critical edge to her tone, and although he knew that she could not have seen into his mind of a moment before, he felt suddenly embarrassed. "I was just piling out," he murmured. "Overslept. Why didn't you call me?"

"It wasn't necessary," she said. "Mrs. Hodges was late getting here today. Are you sick?" she added with that characteristic sudden change in thought which he would never quite get used to.

"*Sick?*" he said. "No, I'm not sick. Why?"

"I thought you looked a little pale."

For an instant he thought of telling her how he felt and blaming it on the heat, but immediately he experienced a revulsion against it. He swung his legs over the side of the bed. "I'm all right," he said. "I feel fine. Don't worry about me."

She stood a moment longer, regarding him with that worried expression which he caught on her face so often nowadays. "Well, I hope so," she said finally. "I hope if you didn't, you'd tell me so. You'd better use my bathroom this morning. Mrs. Hodges is beginning on the other side."

"All right," he said.

The whir of the vacuum cleaner going into action came to him before she closed the door after her.

After she had gone he waited a moment, getting his bearings. Then he walked to the bureau and picked up his military brushes. He looked at them, thinking absently that they needed cleaning. How did one clean brushes, anyway? With just plain soap and water, letting them soak awhile? He did not want to ask her. If he did, he knew that she would set about cleaning them at once, and it occurred to him that that was one thing he might do for himself.

He put the brushes down and was about to turn away when he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He paused. She had said that he looked pale. Well, he saw he didn't look exactly the picture of health. He would look better after he had shaved, though. He always felt lousy, dirty, before he shaved.

He raised his chin, tightening the muscles, and turned his head a trifle to the right, trying to see himself impersonally. No, he certainly wasn't good-looking. No one could say that he was good-looking. But he had maybe a—a certain minor distinction; was perhaps what some people might call "interesting-looking." He moved his head back, then a little to the left. His mouth was too large, for one thing. He could have stood a bit more chin, though there was enough. And the entire bony structure of his face was rather too prominent, as if he were skinny, though he wasn't—was he? His eyes slid down over his chest. In loosely hanging pajama coat, anyway, he looked fairly well built, and he supposed he looked about the same in street clothes. His skin was pretty good, too. This summer he had been in the sun a good deal and had obtained a fair glow, if not precisely a tan.

He examined his features again. No, not bad looking. Not ugly. Rather nice-looking in fact—but in a way not quite right somehow for an American male of his age. Once, in high school days, perhaps up to his junior year in college, he had been able to take a sort of perverse pride in this. But too often these days,

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as at present, he found himself thinking: it will be all right if . . .

He averted his mind abruptly and, taking up his comb, crossed the room. He opened the door a crack, and immediately closed it. Mrs. Hodges was doing the room opposite and had the door open. He wondered whether she would have the sense to close it or if he would have to call to her. Surely she must have seen him?

He waited several seconds, straining his ears to hear, then cautiously opened the door again to reconnoiter. She had closed hers. Immediately he swung the door wide, ducked out of the room, and hurried down the hall into the bathroom.

It was ten o'clock before he was dressed and downstairs. He walked into the dining room, feeling an odd lack of confidence (the ache behind his eyes was not yet gone and his mouth still tasted) and sat down at his place. His mother's and brother's dishes had been cleared away hours before, of course, and the table looked abnormally large and neat. There were two letters on his napkin and he picked them up eagerly. The first, he saw, was merely printed matter from his college—an invitation to pay alumni dues probably—and he laid it aside without reading it. The second was from Jimmy Dean, the least interesting and most faithful of his correspondents, and glancing at the brown typed address, he felt a further deflation of spirits. Of course fellows like George Williams and Ozzy Parsons were pretty busy these days; and, there wasn't any question about it, when you didn't see your friends for as long as he'd been out of it all, the relationship rather lagged. . . . But was it merely that? Or was it that . . .

He pulled the pitcher toward him quickly, poured cream over his cereal, and sugar, then tore open Jimmy's letter and began to read, eating. The first paragraph, he saw, glancing down the page rapidly, was a complaint about the heat in New York, the second a dispirited report of a show Jimmy had been to in Stamford, the third a brief account of the books Jimmy was reading. The tone was that of one hard-luck case to another (his own fault, Joe reminded himself, since he had complained about life in Westonville in his last) and irritated him.

He propped the pages against his glass, intending to read through them less hastily again, and as he did so, the pantry door opened and Mary stood in the doorway.

She glanced significantly at the clock and said, somewhat belligerently: "Don't you want no coffee?"

He looked at her, then away. "Oh, I don't think so," he said. "Not this morning."

"It's on the stove."

"Oh, well, if you have it ready . . . "

She did not wait for the completion of his sentence, but went directly out, letting the door swing behind her. He felt a surge of anger. What business was it of hers what time he got up? What business was anything he chose to do hers? By God, that's what happened when you kept a servant more than ten years. They got to thinking they ran the place. They . . .

The door swung open again and she appeared with the coffee. He did not meet her eyes, as she set down the cup, but pretended to be intent on his letter. If she says anything to me about it this morning, he thought, I'll . . .

"Did you see Al Jones's picture in the *American*?" she said.

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He glanced up in surprise. The tight lines about her mouth were gone. She was even smiling a little.

And suddenly, inexplicably, he felt grateful to her. "No, I didn't," he said warmly. "I haven't seen the paper this morning."

"It's in the living room, I guess—unless your mother took it upstairs."

She turned and went into the living room to return with it a moment later. She unfurled the pages, folded them and thrust the paper before his eyes. He took it in his hands and looked at it, as if it were the most fascinating thing in his world. In the centre of the page was a photograph of the politician standing before a microphone, mouth sprung. He was, it appeared, delivering an address in Chicago.

He felt Mary's breath on his neck. "Ain't he sweet?" she breathed.

"He certainly has been able to catch the popular imagination," Joe said, and cleared his throat, holding himself rigid.

"He has the prettiest smile."

"It is attractive."

They continued thus, Joe holding the paper and Mary peering over his shoulder, admiring, for what seemed to Joe an interminable time. Then she straightened, sighed, murmured something about having to begin putting her lunch on the stove and went out. The moment she was gone he put down the paper and went on with his breakfast.

An instant later his eyes returned to the picture. He found himself studying the unhandsome, weary, infinitely common face. What was it that a man of that sort had in him to bring him to the place Jones had reached? What was it? And what would it be like when you had reached such a place—the place where every word you spoke automatically became front page news, where the most intimate things about you were common knowledge. . . . Joe went on staring at the photograph. Then suddenly he began to eat again. He wasn't at all hungry, he realized, but he went on, shoveling the bits of dried grain into his mouth, tilting the cup against his teeth and swallowing, until there was no more food before him. Then he rose, leaving the paper where it was, and went back upstairs.

As he reached the head of the staircase, the hum of the vacuum cleaner came to him. Mrs. Hodges was doing the guest room now. He hesitated an instant, then walked down the hall and stood in the doorway, watching her. She was a thin, stunted woman of perhaps forty, or it might have been fifty—you could not tell. Bent over the sweeper, her gray face and even more the sag of her shoulder told of things he knew only by hearsay. She had not noticed his approach and when he spoke to her did not look up. It occurred to him that this was what being deaf would be like.

A moment later she straightened to rest an instant and saw him. Instantaneously her face changed. The tired, hopeless creases vanished as if by magic. The vacant stare disappeared, and her mouth, once so full of expression, stretched in a meaningless, servile smile of greeting, showing a set of cheap, unclean false teeth.

"Hello," he said heartily, fighting down his revulsion.

"Good morning, Mr. Joe." (He was always Mr. Joe for greeting purposes and farewells, but in the stress of the day he became simply Joe, as he was to Mary.)

"Pretty hot, isn't it?"

She went on smiling, as though he had said something funny. "Not as hot

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as yesterday, I guess, but maybe it will be by dinner time."

"Gee, I think it's hotter," he said, and immediately wondered why he had said "gee." He never said "gee." He hadn't thought "gee." He wasn't a "gee" sort of person. Why, then, had he used it? Was he going in for boyish charm on Mrs. Hodges, for God's sake? And if so, why?

He realized that she had answered and that he had not heard her. He wagged his head, forced an acceleration of his smile and turned away.

"Will you be doing my room next?" he asked.

"Oh, not for a while yet. I ain't dusted yet."

"Well, just tell me when you're ready," he said genially and moved off. She'd probably like to bash my face in, he thought. Behind him the sweeper began again.

He returned down the hall and went into his room, closing the door. He stood with his weight against it for several seconds, looking about him. His bed, he saw was already made, and the magazine which he had been reading the night before lay on the blanket folded neatly at its foot. It crossed his mind that he had not quite finished the story he had been reading, but at the moment he could not imagine reading anything. He still felt stifled; the ache behind his eyes was still present and his mouth was still full of the stale taste. Perhaps he should have gone to the front door and done a couple of deep breathings before coming upstairs.

After a while he crossed to the bureau, put the cover on the typewriter and carried it back to his desk where it belonged. He stood looking down at it, with no thoughts in his head particularly. Then he pulled out the chair and sat down. He sat looking out the window for several minutes. Martha, the Winston maid, was carrying the garbage down the yard. He watched her swaying progress, her head sometimes on a level with, sometimes bobbing above, the clothesline stretched along the walk, until she had reached the barrel and was lifting the lid, then turned his attention back to the desk.

He thought of writing a letter. But whom to write to? He didn't owe any letters. As it was, he had written twice to Marion Denby's once, and Dick Atherton's last had come only the day before. He didn't want to become a correspondence pest, like Jimmy Dean—didn't want it to appear as if he had nothing to do but write letters. It wasn't as if he had anything particular to be writing about. He realized that his letters the past few months had been pretty dull—full of advice (silly attempts, he thought bitterly, to impress himself on others) and of complaints (he had had an example in his morning mail of how thrilling *that* was) and recently he had caught himself manufacturing items. He might answer today's of course. Jimmy would be only too pleased. But what the hell?

He frowned and jerked open his desk drawer. God, what a mess! No matter how often he weeded out, there was always a mess. From under a fountain pen, two unsharpened pencils and a copy of *The Nation,* he brought out several worn-looking sheets of copy paper covered with amateurish typing. Blowing the bits of tobacco off them, he spread them out on the desk. He regarded them with distaste a moment, then rested his chin in his hand and began to read.

He skimmed through four paragraphs and stopped. It was as bad as

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he'd feared. It was terrible. . . . Or was it so terrible? His eyes traveled over the first sentences again. Hell, that wasn't the way to read fiction, though. It wasn't the way he read other people's fiction. Maybe it wasn't so bad. Maybe with a little fixing . . .

He read the sentences again. The truth was, he couldn't tell how it read now. He shouldn't have got it out. He should have waited until he was more in the humor. God, he had the damn page memorized, he'd reread it so often! He'd been rereading these pages, these measly seven hundred words, for the last three days!

He got up and walked to the window, where he stood jingling the coins in his pocket. He would never get anywhere this way. He ought to be revising, if he was going to revise, this very minute. How could he hope ever to get anything done? He recalled the advice of the only professional writer he had ever met: "Set aside a certain hour each day for writing and during that hour *write*, no matter how you feel." Likely enough sounding advice, but . . .

He fumbled in his pocket, brought out a cigarette, stuck it between his lips and lighted it. The first inhale staggered him and brought the taste in his mouth to a head. That was part of his trouble, too—oversmoking and no exercise. He took a second puff and the worst of the effects passed away. He ought to quit smoking. He ought to quit right now. But of course he wouldn't. He had been telling himself so for the past month and several times had gone so far as to make a resolution.

He turned quickly around, readjusting his face, as he heard a hand on the door knob. It was Mrs. Hodges.

She stared at him. "Oh, excuse *me*, Mr. Joe," she said. "I didn't know you was in here."

"That's all right," he said. "Come on in. I was just getting ready to leave." He crossed to his desk, swept the papers into the drawer, and shut it.

"I can do your mother's room first," she offered.

"No, that's all right. Come on in."

"Well—it won't take me very long."

She entered, propping the sweeper against the wall and depositing the dust cloth on the bureau. He clapped the cover over his typewriter and turned the key in the lock.

"Is my mother upstairs, do you know?" he asked.

"I think she's in the bathroom."

He left the room, went down the hall and stood before the bathroom door, hearing the water run in the basin.

"Want anything uptown, mother?" he called through the door.

"No," she answered. "Are you going uptown?"

"Yes, I thought I'd go to the office and see what George is doing."

"Well, you might bring me some stamps. Are you in a hurry?"

"I have enough money."

"Oh. All right. I'll pay you at noon. Bring me about twelve three-cent ones."

"All right."

As he descended the stairs, he counted his change. Seventy-eight cents. Then he heard the sweeper begin in his room. He hoped Mrs. Hodges would be careful of the typewriter when she dusted his desk.

HE HAD unconsciously evolved a set route for traversing the distance between his home and the office. Lately he had become aware of this and had begun making little jokes about it to his mother, saying that if he didn't watch

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out, he would find he had worn a path in the pavements. He would come out of the house, which faced on Elm Street, walk down Elm, past the new high school, the Lutheran and Methodist churches and the Elks' Home, to Seventh Street, turn down Seventh and proceed two blocks to the Book Nook. Here he always stopped and gazed in the window, although there were scarcely ever any additions to or subtractions from the dismal display. After looking the display over, or rather checking up on it, he continued down Seventh Street to the Gotham Theatre, where he usually stopped also, to examine the billboards. Across the street, dwarfed by the Harlinhausen Baking Company ("We knead what you need"), was the Royal Theatre and often, if the bill interested him, he crossed and examined its billboards. He then went on until he came to the News Agency, where he inspected the string of magazines in the window, and, if there was one he wanted, entered and bought it. Armed with it, he turned down Cherry Street and wound up at the office, located on the third floor of the Miller Building two doors from the corner.

This was his set route; but today, on reaching Seventh Street, he for some reason decided to vary it a bit. He crossed at the intersection, nodding to Mrs. Burlington, waiting outside the post office in her Buick, and continued on Elm until he came to the alley. He turned down the alley and kept to it until he reached Cherry Street. He walked too fast, and by the time he reached the Miller Building he was bathed in perspiration.

He paused on the steps and peeled off his coat, wondering, as he did so, why he had bothered to wear it at all. Then he wiped his face with his handkerchief and went on up the winding dark stairs, meeting no one. At the door lettered "R. S. Yardley Co.—Coal" he paused and listened. There came to him the click of typewriter keys, then a moment of silence, and the click again. He turned the knob and walked in.

His brother, sitting at the typewriter in shirt-sleeves, looked up. "Oh—hello," he said. "Just get up?"

"Oh, no," Joe answered, and felt himself flush. He walked to the hat-rack and hung up his coat. "Been up quite a while," he said—"God, but it's hot!"

"Pretty high for September," his brother agreed, and went on with his typing.

Joe watched him a moment, then crossed the room and flung himself into a chair. He reached in his pocket, found that he had forgotten his cigarettes, and decided it was a good thing. His brother had given up smoking—to save the expense.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

His brother typed on for a time, then pulled the letter from the machine. "Writing that Benson outfit for a cheque," he answered.

"Any chance of getting it, do you think?"

"You never know these days."

Joe brought out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead again. His brother spread the letter on the desk, took up a pen and wrote his signature.

"What's new?" Joe asked.

"Nothing that I've heard of."

"No orders of course?"

"Nope."

His brother folded the letter and looked about for the envelope. "The devil!" he said. "I forgot to make an envelope." He rose, sighing, went to the cabinet, extracted one, and returned

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to the typewriter. "I'll have to be getting some more of these," he said.

"Want me to order some on my way home?"

"I'll do it at noon, thanks. I have to go around by the bank anyhow."

"I'd be glad to do it . . . "

His brother said nothing. He pulled the envelope out of the typewriter, inserted the letter, and tossed it on to the desk. "That's done," he said. "Now for the payroll."

"Have you got it this week?"

Again there was no answer, and after a moment Joe turned and looked out the window. God, what an ugly town it was! He could remember when there had been a few unkempt trees lining the curbs, but now, thanks to the street paving, even these were gone, leaving the string of shoddy little stores under the inconvenient little flats naked before all the world. He gazed down the block to Bartlett's Cut Rate Drugstore, noted the perpetual group of loafers, and turned his attention back to the room.

"Don't you want to go out?" he asked. "I came up here to stay a while, in case you did."

His brother, busy with figures, shook his head. An instant later he glanced up, said curtly, "No, thanks," then returned to his work again.

Joe sat on. He felt himself growing more and more depressed. After a while he rose.

"Well, if you don't need me, I may as well get going," he said.

"No, I don't need you," his brother said. "Thanks all the same, though. Maybe tomorrow."

"All right." He moved to the hatrack and took down his coat. His brother went on with his figuring.

"Sure you don't want me to stay a while?" he asked once more.

"What?" His brother looked up absently. "No. No. I have a lot to do this morning."

"All right," Joe said.

He slung his coat over his arm and went out, closing the door.

In the dark, stifling hall he waited a moment. Then he slammed his hat on his head, shoved his hand into his pocket, and moved slowly on down the stairs.

HE WALKED home through the alley, the way he had come, stepping aside twice for teams between Cherry and Elm Streets, and went in through the yard.

He felt warmer than ever. If anything, the temperature seemed to be rising. Josie, the cat, was stretched in the shade of the mock orange bush and did not rouse as he passed. The leaves of the bush, of all the plants and shrubbery, hung limp and powdered pale with dust. Mary was on the back porch, hanging out dish cloths. Her lifeless brown hair, which she rebelled against confining within a cap, as his mother wished, was coming undone and strings of it were pasted damply across her forehead. She looked, as was to be expected on cleaning day, out of sorts.

"It's hot as the devil, isn't it?" he said to her, coming up on the porch.

She sniffed. "You'd know how hot it is if you had to work, I guess."

As he passed her she murmured something further about every dog having his day, which he answered in a burst of childish anger by letting the screen door bang behind him. It was going to be one of those days, he knew, when what food she cooked would be half raw and served in all the least attractive dishes to subdued grumbling.

In the pantry he paused a moment to look in the refrigerator, but there was

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nothing in it that appealed to him. There was a bottle of grape juice, but he did not know where any openers were and he did not now dare to ask. Anyhow, grape juice didn't seem exactly appropriate for the tail end of morning.

He went on into the house, shedding his tie as he went, and drank the water left over from breakfast in the pitcher on the serving table. He wiped his mouth on his arm and looked around, blinking. The blinds had been drawn against the sun and it was some time before objects asserted themselves. When they did he walked into the hall and went to the table. Leaned over it, peering. There were never any letters in the second morning mail, but sometimes there were magazines—not that there were ever many magazines worth reading coming to that house, but today any would be better than none.

There were no magazines this morning, however, he saw. There was only an advertisement from some dress shop in Blacksburg for his mother. He picked it up, looked at it and tossed it back on the table again. He was just about to turn away when from the parlor sounded a small, affected woman's cough.

He stayed rooted. This, he knew, was Mary's revenge on him. If she had warned him of a caller, he would have used the back stairs. He glanced quickly about him, asking himself whether escape was still possible. He simply could not bear up under one of those women today. He seemed to hear the false, sugary voice that went with that cough asking how his writing was coming along, the while ironical, disapproving eyes probed him; heard his own half-embarrassed, half-defiant parries.

His mother's footsteps sounded on the landing above. In a moment she would be standing before him. And suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten the stamps.

On the impulse he swung quickly around and rushed back through the dining room, into the kitchen, and up the back stairs.

He closed the door into the upper hall and waited a moment, listening. Somewhere—in his brother's room, he surmised—the sweeper was humming. Above it sounded his mother's voice greeting the caller. He tiptoed down the hall and stole into his room.

He shut the door silently and crossed, still on tiptoe, to his desk. There he stood quiet an instant, staring down at his typewriter. His cheeks were burning. His breath was coming in wheezy gasps. Had he got away with it? he wondered. And if not, what must they be thinking of him? He felt like a thief. What a lousy, kid stunt!

He gripped the arm of the chair and let himself carefully into it, and there he sat for quite a while, motionless. How much longer was it going to be like this? he wondered. How much longer?

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Invisible Subsidies

By Douglas H. Stewart

If market-gardeners and music teachers are undeserving of special government aid, why should mass production not pay its own way?

When the first English railways were being built, they were required to pay, and pay heavily, for their right-of-way. But when the first English factories began to enclose the blue sky as a dumping-ground for soot and acid fumes, no payment was required. The smoke-nuisance is, happily, a diminishing evil, but it may be used as a test case among many such evils, in order to decide whether mass production has not been in receipt of vast invisible subsidies, to which it owes an unnatural and parasitic overdevelopment.

If the early English railways had been empowered by law to seize what land they felt they required as the "price of progress," their prosperity and payrolls would have been fantastic, and the "railway mania" would have been a tenfold more gorgeous bubble than it actually was; but its bursting would have left England entangled in an inextricable network of railway lines and debts. The tenacity of private ownership fortunately prevented such a calamity; but the blue sky belonged to the King, and he was an easy-going property-owner. Yet in common justice, if not in common law, the *de facto* seizure of the blue sky had the same effect as a vast grant of money or land. Every housewife whose linen, carpets, furniture and wall-paper were begrimed, every property-owner whose masonry was caked and rotted and whose garden was discouraged and wilted, every adult whose health and spirits were dampened, and every child whose constitutional growth was permanently impaired, was paying a subsidy. Of course the spending power of the beneficiaries was increased, but every dole has that effect.

The system which allots each industry its merited place in our economic order is the "profits system." It is the freest and most democratic economic system yet discovered, because it empowers the public to expand with its patronage the industries which serve it best, and to demote or destroy those which are less efficient or faithful. Of course the goodness or badness of any democratic institution depends utterly upon the goodness or badness of the *demos* which governs it. The alternatives are slavery, as in ancient Egypt where the masses had no money and therefore no freedom; or the tax system of expansion, as in Russia, where

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the surpluses necessary for new developments are arbitrarily taken from the producers, and arbitrarily spent by those in power, not on the projects the people want, but on what they ought to want. The vice of subsidies in what pretends to be a profits system is that they underhandedly frustrate the will of the people, as expressed in their buying preferences, by giving to certain favored industries profits and expansion which they have not earned by good and faithful service, and by correspondingly contracting the profits and prosperity of the industries which the people have distinguished with their approval.

A standard defense of subsidies is that an infant industry, like a human infant, entails sacrifices which should be gladly borne for the sake of the future. There is a dangerous superficial resemblance between the dependence of youth and the dependence of parasitism, which only development brings out. Youth is kin and beneficial to the environment which nurtures it; parasitism is intrusive and destructive. Youth proceeds along a well-organized path; parasitism knows no path, but lives a feast-or-famine, gambling existence. Youth gradually achieves strength and independence; parasitism becomes increasingly helpless and dependent. A century-old infant which is more destructive and demanding than at birth is not a true infant. The real parent of an infant industry is the capital which gave it birth, and which should be held strictly accountable for its aggressions and trespasses. The community can no more undertake to act as general foster-parent of every grasping and demanding new industry, than it can undertake to foot the glazier's bills of all self-expressing children who joyously break windows.

Experience warns me at this point to explain that I am not in favor of returning to water-wheels, windmills, ox-carts, quaint medieval plumbing, longhand, loin cloths or spinning-wheels. I am profoundly grateful to mass production for all it has done in destroying senseless drudgery and ministering to quality, skill and responsibility; though my enthusiasm is less unbounded when it creates senseless drudgery and destroys quality, skill and responsibility. What I am endeavoring to suggest is that inasmuch as mass production is so fantastically efficient in creating new wealth, it is surely not too much to ask of it that it pay its own way.

In a perfectly governed state—assuming that its citizenry is still imperfect—there would be Commissioners of the Amenities to desubsidize such industries as gain an unearned expansion by simply seizing upon invisible subsidies. They would be men of great ability and unquestioned integrity, with judicial powers and independence. They would not prohibit or regulate (which is the province of the legislature) but simply see to it that every aggression against the amenities was detected at its inception, and paid for. If the legislature decided that belching chimneys were technologically necessary, the Commissioners would meter every chimney, and while their assessments might not be mathematically demonstrable, they would be mathematically impersonal, and would impel industrialists to develop smoke-burning boilers for strictly economic reasons.

The Commissioners would deal also with the case of such sunlight as pene-

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trates the gloom only to be mangled beyond recognition by coming into violent collision with a hideous billboard or mill. They would hand down a decision, even before any one else had time to lodge a complaint, that if a sylvan scene must be screened by a loud visual boost for some one's beauty preparations, or if a water-mill built for beauty as well as use must be replaced by a "dark, Satanic mill" built strictly for use only, the costs of the injury done to the reflected sunlight should be an installation charge and a current expense of the industrial process which required it. It may be objected that the Commissioners would be busy men, because logic would demand that they pass upon homes, clothes and the sale of bottles and cans to possible picnickers. But this difficulty would take care of itself under the practical Roman legal rule that the court can not concern itself with trifles. An occasional citizen would be surprised to receive a letter from the Commissioners in which they present their compliments to him and regret to inform him that his signally unweeded garden and unpainted house will cost him exactly $20.06 for the past year; but for the most part their lordships' time would be taken up in cases involving thousands or millions of dollars through the technologically necessary replacement of natural beauty by aggressive ugliness; and also in furnishing rough estimates on projected atrocities.

The Commissioners would also deal mathematically and impersonally with all systematic noises, stenches and poisonous effluvia. Every persistently noisy machine would be metered, and possibly the ingenious instruments would register quintuple rates after midnight. If this did not give pause to the youth who showered an unsolicited bath of noise from his motor horn at three o'clock in the morning over an apartment district containing hundreds of sleepers in order to attract a friend of his without leaving his car, it would at least lighten the tax rate. The pneumatic riveters on skyscrapers would also be a fruitful source of revenue until replaced by a method less destructive of nervous energy in hundreds of listeners; and elevated railways would crash into bankruptcy after the first few days of metering as being hopelessly uneconomic.

Coördinate with the Commissioners of the Amenities there would be Commissioners of the Humanities who would build up a structure of countervailing levies upon inhuman industrial processes at their first inception. How watchful these Commissioners would need to be may be gathered from the fact that Bright and Cobden opposed on principle Shaftesbury's factory legislation, except in respect of child labor. Shaftesbury described seeing workers so misshapen that they resembled "a crooked alphabet"; but Bright and Cobden held that these men and women had full freedom to refuse employment, although children had not. Yet both were humane and sincere men who made large sacrifices of time, money and effort to free the "bread-taxed weaver" from the *visible* subsidy to agriculture implied in the Corn Laws. Twenty years later the respectable parliamentary majority led by Disraeli blocked Plimsoll's measure for a load-line on ships, presumably on the ground that sailors had full freedom to refuse employment on overinsured, expectant shipwrecks; until Plimsoll called the members "villains" and shook his fist in

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the Speaker's face, whereupon they put him out of the House, and shortly afterwards passed his bill. Later still, measures for the quick compensation of workmen for injuries and occupational diseases were blocked on the ground that every citizen had full access to the courts.

Among the Commissioners' major tasks would be the creation of a structure of impersonal precedents desubsidizing those industries which foist the burden of technological unemployment upon their workers or upon other industries like diversified agriculture which give a measure of work and sustenance to their dependents in good times and bad. And their lordships would regard it as an aggravation rather than a mitigation of the delinquency when the offending industry paid exceptional wages during the feast sector of the feast-or-famine cycle; because this only accustomed their dependents to an insecure standard of living and got them into debt on the instalment plan, and then left them worse than penniless when the famine sector arrived. Industries which, unlike diversified agriculture, foist the burden of apprenticeship upon technical schools supported by general taxation, and have literally no use for adolescent workers in bad times, would be adequately dealt with; and a staggering levy would be imposed upon the industries which have so far divorced their engineering from human considerations that they find a man "too old at forty" precisely when his family responsibilities are rising to a climax. It stands to reason that such assessments would moderate the fantastic velocity of mechanical invention; but it would promote a sounder growth—slow, like the oak's, not phenomenal, like the mushroom's.

It would be tedious to dwell at length on all the obviously parasitic privileges allowed to the process of mass production, many of which may seem but light afflictions, but which in the mass have changed the face of history. A few of the more oppressive may be noted. There is the effect of certain forms of mass production upon quality, skill and responsibility. There are the serious social problems arising from the immigration of cheap but unassimilable foreign labor. There are the multifarious evils of excessive urbanization, and the excessive depopulation of the countryside. There is the squandering of natural resources as if they were the spending money of one generation. There are the uncontrolled aggressions of the lunatic and criminal fringes of motordom upon life, property, the amenities, neighborhood institutions and the family; not to mention the visible subsidies of hundreds of millions spent annually out of general taxation on grandiose Appian Ways through every inconsiderable village, partly as a dole to specially favored transportation enterprises, and partly as a still more surprising dole to a mere amusement of presumably well-to-do citizens—all on the obsolete theory that roads are chronic infants, and must never be expected to pay their way in full like railways, the post office or theatres. There are also the evils of easy money irregularly distributed in a manner which fosters gambling, racketeering, labor troubles and revolutionary sentiments. There is the internationalist tendency of mass production, and its disastrous clashes with patriotism. And there is the uncontrollable growth of monstrous Napoleonic aggregations of capital, in spite of the known, distressing shortage of Napoleons capable of managing

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them for the general good, or even for their own good.

But most serious of all is the relation of mass production to war. A building which is a fire-trap is either condemned or visited with staggering insurance rates. The steel and chemical industries, in their present hypertrophied development, are the fire-traps of civilization. They have made war so terrifying that the combatants can think of no possible termination except the complete disarming of their enemies; and even in peace the taxpayers must lay out hundreds of millions annually in armaments, which in turn minister to the further profit and expansion of these very industries. It would be stupid and dishonest bookkeeping to credit mass production with all the comfort and ease it has brought, and may bring; and to debit to something else all the ruin and horror it has caused in war, and may cause.

THE mere suggestion of these de-subsidizing levies has, I am aware, an air of Utopian unreality, however they may be defended on logical grounds. The attitude of the public to mass production is not reasonable; it can hardly be described as other than machine-worship. Any measure which would impede the unlimited multiplication of beautiful and powerful machines seems heretical to the idea of progress. Machine-worship is not the dominating worship of our intellects and hearts; we do not really believe that a man's life consists in the abundance of things which he possesses. But two or more worships may co-exist in the same community and in the same mind; and machine-worship happens to be the belief which at present we choose informally to establish and endow.

Tariffs, for instance, are theoretically designed to benefit all industries and interests equally; yet it can scarcely be denied that in most countries mass production has benefited unduly, and Mother Agriculture has been grievously imposed upon. We have come to think it quite natural and proper that city workers should gain greater rewards for less effort, capital, skill and responsibility than farmers; and we think it right that tariffs should encourage a cityward drift, on the theory that citification is civilization. And as if that were not enough, we in North America have established a huge system of local subventions for citified industries. There is scarcely a community of more than 2,000 population north of the Rio Grande which has not passed numerous by-laws giving free land, free light, free power, freedom from taxation and irksome regulation, and even free money grants or free factories to entire strangers who merely promise to establish mass production. No municipality ever dreamed of giving free land, free light or free money grants to local house-painters, music teachers and market-gardeners; on the contrary, these old-style merchants of beauty and health are required to pay out money, while they have any property left, to increase the profits and expansion of their new-style competitors. Nothing succeeds like success. Mass production becomes fantastically prosperous through invisible subsidies, and then is given visible subsidies because it has become fantastically prosperous.

Under these circumstances it is disconcerting to read that the time has now come when we must abandon classical economics. Just what classical economics has to do with the present state of the world, it is difficult to sur-

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mise. The word "classical" implies a harmonious and beautiful balancing of the parts in some whole; the perception of this harmony comes in the evolution of any art or discipline as a glorious but transient climax after primitive ignorance and prejudice have been outgrown, and before sophisticated specialism sets in to overemphasize again one or another part of the whole. In this sense of the word there is but one classical economist, Adam Smith. Before him were the ignorant, selfish mercantilists who thought that trade was not trading but fighting, and that to gain the victory a nation must forcibly induce the foreigner to buy, and forcibly prevent him from selling. Also there were the amiable but airy physiocrats who caught glimpses of the idea of freedom, but were quite certain that only the land produced wealth. With infinite labor and observation Adam Smith organized a wonderfully balanced conception of a national and international community in which each interest freely found its merited development. After him overemphasis returned—the agriculturists and the industrialists reforming one another; the nationalists and the internationalists terrifying one another; the money-mad individualists using his great conception of freedom to claim a natural right to do what they pleased with their own property, as long as they kept their money contracts; and the socialists exaggerating his high appreciation of the importance of labor to make it the only element in human life that merited consideration.

It is preposterous to speak of Adam Smith as the apostle of selfishness. He believed in individualism precisely because he found the individual immeasurably more unselfish than "that crafty and insidious animal," the politician. He hated the political management of wealth because of its incurable wastefulness, its brazen favoritism in granting monopolies and bounties, its beggar-my-neighbor foreign policy, its boomerang reprisals, its vast wars waged on credit. He hated slavery and the "savage injustice" of colonial policy to the natives. For money-making as the primary concern of individuals or nations he had nothing but scorn; there were many things he valued above "opulence." At the same time he believed that men and nations should wish their neighbors prosperous, rather than poverty-stricken. In sharp contrast with the political management of wealth he everywhere observed that the prudence of individuals in quietly minding their own and their family affairs was led "by an invisible hand" to promote the common good. Yet he was sensitively aware of the infinite importance to the poor of the prime necessities, which he wished to be cheapened. He saw, too, their extreme helplessness amid swift economic changes, and counseled gradualness even in introducing his own projects of reform. To counterbalance the new monotony in the lives of the workers through the intensification of the division of labor, he proposed liberal public expenditures on the right kind of schools. And where the individual, contrary to general rule, was selfish in the sense of injuring his neighbor, he believed in the most prompt and energetic interference. Specifically he favored coercion or punitive taxation against those who disregarded fire precautions, against usurers, against bankers who issued too much credit, and against merchants who pushed the sale of whiskey instead of "wholesome, invigorating" ale.

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Such was the true classical economics, which aimed at freedom *from* selfishness, not at the freedom *for* selfishness which the motley crew of post-classical liberals demand as a natural right. It is permissible to believe that Adam Smith would have devised as powerful an attack against the invisible subsidies allowed to the Nineteenth Century factories as against the visible subsidies of his own day; he would have demonstrated the precariousness and unprofitableness of the overgrown foreign trade built up in England by this form of dumping, just as he riddled with his scorn the mercantilist policy of paying bounties, at the taxpayer's expense, on exported grain.

It is possible to regard the disasters of the past twenty years as so many phases of the collapse of parasitically hypertrophied mass production. For the time being the underlying unity of civilization is broken, as each nation meets the situation in its own way.

In Russia we see the futurist state, with factory-worship legally established and endowed, and exercising monopolistic control over the schools, the press and the theatre. The evils of mass production concern these believers not at all, because they ascribe them all to the unspeakable wickedness of the capitalists. The factory method is to them so "scientific" that it has ascended above the regions of doubt and experiment. No mere facts are permitted to retard or limit its universal application. Ultra-mechanized agriculture, for example, has failed lamentably with us, not only in the totality of its effects but even as a money-making proposition; but the Russian believers are undaunted. It may gamble on one kind of crop, on one kind of weather, and on distant, precarious outlets; it may open up a paradise to weeds, weevils, hog cholera, rats, mildew, moths, rust, thieves, robbers, loafers and saboteurs; and it may destroy all soil fertility and creative pride of ownership. But as long as it retains the devotion of its worshipers it will continue to flourish out of taxes and invisible subsidies until its tributary environment can support it no longer.

In Germany a different form of machine-worship has seized control, the worship of the machine-state in which the humans are hardened and tempered cogs. They call it the "organic state," but an organism allows much freedom to its parts: a cut finger does not take orders about defense and reconstruction; tired-out legs protest most vigorously to all parts of the body instead of waiting to be told by the superintending intelligence how they ought to feel. As against the Russian ideal of fabulous ease and enjoyment the Nazis set up an ideal of spareness, intense physical exertion and national self-sufficiency through small-scale production, except in munitions. In Germany as in Russia the elements which would limit the hypertrophy of the machine-method, through taxes and subsidies, are silenced. Japan also has reverted to a primitive state-worship, not Spartan but from her own ancient history.

In Italy state-worship seems also to be in control, but in reality it is profoundly modified by Catholicism, by classic traditions, by the native liveliness and humor of her people, and by the many-sidedness of the Dictator. Force has been applied, but the aim has been to conserve a balanced state which does not threaten its neighbors, either by militarism or by propaganda. But

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what the Fascists have conserved by force the French democracy has conserved by constitutional methods. The strength of France amidst the earthquake shocks of war, revolution, mass-gambling, panic and unemployment—all originating from outside—has been too remarkable to be explained away; and it is significant that of all great nations France has least committed herself to mass production. Her people are attached to the land and the family; they are content to get along in the world by thrift rather than by gambling; and they have a flair for the production of articles of great beauty, ingenuity and variety for which small-scale production by skilled workers is the most economic method. And in addition the French Government has not hesitated to assist in maintaining the balance of this classic state against deleterious modern influences by counter-bonusing agriculture, babies and the fine arts.

The English-speaking peoples, who do not know what it means to have a dangerous land frontier or threatening revolutionary faction, are constitutionally as unmoved by Continental upheavals in 1933 as they were in 1793 or 1848. Until the present year the British "dole" has been the boldest experiment, and throughout the English-speaking world it has caused much misgiving. As a Canadian who has lived in Britain, I regard the "dole" as a very mild and justified counter-subsidy. Apart from being largely contributory, it is an extremely modest payment, barely sufficient to keep a family organization intact on an emergency basis, and certainly no substantial inducement to idleness. To argue that the sins of the whole people should be visited upon the most helpless section, even to depriving it of bread unless it begs, borrows or steals, is not classical economics. The "dole" has saved the day for the prouder workers, and has banished the hardened, polished panhandling of those who are not so particular. But it does not desubsidize with sufficient discrimination. It does not remorselessly recapture the profits made through the premature and ruthless introduction of labor-displacing machinery. It does not require each industry to share its available employment among all its dependents. And above all it does not recognize that daily, interesting, rewarded work is in the long run as much a human necessity as food, clothing and shelter.

Now in 1933 comes the Roosevelt programme, no constitutional upheaval but a mass of industrial legislation shocking in scope and complexity. What is its relation to invisible subsidies? On the whole, and with many reservations, I am inclined to regard it as a return to the classical economics of Adam Smith, whose principles it does not seek to destroy but to fulfill. Mr. Roosevelt is no fanatic specialist, but a man of wide and deep experience—in the city and the country, by land and sea, at home and abroad, in peace and war, in sickness and health, in local and international politics. This kind of many-sidedness leads inevitably to the development of a sense of the complexity of human affairs, and a consequent reliance upon experiment, rather than logic or fossilized science. Mr. Roosevelt frankly calls himself a doctor, and declares his readiness to change his remedies as soon as they prove unsatisfactory—a heartening assurance which we scarcely expect from Stalin, Hitler or Araki.

Mr. Roosevelt does not aim to de-

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stroy the classical profits system, but to heal its accumulated and deep-seated maladies by introducing a higher accountancy to determine when profits have been fully earned. The primary function of an industry is to provide steady, honest livelihoods for its dependents; it should make profits and earn expansion in proportion as it fulfills this difficult and complex task, and not in proportion to its furious virtuosity in performing mechanical tricks in a factory, or mathematical tricks in a counting house.

Classic also is Mr. Roosevelt's conception of law in organizing this higher accountancy. Law is not a pleasing and powerful labor-saving machine for forcibly remodeling the people we dislike. The only truly radical reforms are those which grow freely and gently from unregarded beginnings, like the grain of mustard seed. Law can only begin to operate when the mass of men are persuaded, and only a few laggards remain to be coerced in order to make it unanimous. Yet law must not shirk this final step, otherwise the laggards will rule mankind by compelling the majority in self-defense to adopt their ruthless methods, however unwillingly.

When a city is destroyed by fire, the magnitude of the disaster is invariably exaggerated; most of the buildings, furniture, wall-paper and mattresses were not particularly worth saving in any case. Even in normal times the wreckers are ever at work. A general conflagration somewhat rudely accelerates their schedule, but it also releases tremendous reserves of creative genius and energy which otherwise would be repressed or frittered away. When London burned in 1666, immediately after a great plague induced by fantastic overcrowding, the surveyor-general was Christopher Wren, already distinguished as a scholar, anatomist, draughtsman, physicist, architect, inventor, mathematician and astronomer, though but thirty-three years old. While the embers were still warm he brought forward a plan of a rebuilt city with wide streets radiating from a central space in a manner which wonderfully harmonized utility with classic beauty. To the lasting regret of architects the plan was blocked by tenacious and distressed private ownership; but it *was* possible to enforce rebuilding in brick or stone only, according to safe and orderly designs, to establish central sanitation, and to create green squares and parks. And in addition, scores of churches and public halls built by Wren, each with some one outstanding feature of beauty, such as a graceful spire, and St. Paul's Cathedral, perfect in every part, rose as symbols that London rebuilt was a safer, more serviceable, more spacious and more beautiful city. Happily for later generations Wren was no futurist.

Mr. Roosevelt has excellent precedent in striving for a reconstruction which will not be a stupid mechanical reproduction of all the old, dark, crooked, narrow ways, and all the old fire-traps, and at the same time preventing the excited futurists from seizing control in order to impose a harsh geometrical pattern with each last detail worked out at headquarters, and fit only for one purpose and one age. He does what he can, while opportunity lasts, to establish basic regulations and noble central ways; and leaves the rest to the great masses of ordinary, decent individuals who are determined to do their private rebuilding in their own way, because they feel that they are artists too.

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The Job-Master General

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

A storm brews on Capitol Hill as ire accumulates over Administration patronage tactics, but even Republicans admit that Farley has been ruthlessly efficient

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt, his "finest friend," picked James A. Farley as Postmaster General, the patronage tsar of the New Deal took his place on the reviewing stand, to receive the salute of its hopeful legions. Even Andrew Jackson could have been no franker about his purposes than Jim Farley, and no spoilsman, from Jackson's day to this, ever had a more perfect set-up. The game he is playing is far more to his liking than the cross-word puzzle out of which F. D. is trying to spell "Prosperity." Having put Mr. Roosevelt over the top at Chicago, and conducted the campaign to a finish so eminently satisfactory to himself and his chief, Farley has addressed himself, with equal enthusiasm and an energy seemingly as tireless, to his next objective—the creation of a Roosevelt machine so strong and loyal, that F. D. will stay in the White House until 1941, and the Democratic office-holders will keep the jobs for many years thereafter. As national chairman, it is his duty to bring home the bacon for the Democrats again in 1936, and G.O.P. strategists, weep though they may over the loss of the spoils, are as one in admiring the professional efficiency with which Farley is proceeding.

As the tidal wave of protest against the times swept Mr. Roosevelt into the White House, an army of job-hunters followed his banner to Washington. After twelve long lean years in the wilderness, the Democratic party took possession of the pie counter in its own right. Economic conditions added to a clamor for jobs which would have been loud and insistent enough, even in normal times. Men who would have thumbed their noses in the Coolidge boom of 1928 at a $5,000 Federal job fought like jackals for a $2,000 billet with Uncle Sam in 1933. Place-hunters laid siege to the Democratic Senators and Representatives, stormed their offices at the Capitol, buttonholed them in corridors, cloak rooms and in their hotels, and deluged their mail with importunities and threats of political retaliation. Many a Congressman had 5,000 or more personal applications for jobs; few had less than a thousand. Jim Farley has estimated that there were 1,500,000 Democrats in the line of applicants for the 150,000 jobs. No Democratic Senator who lived through the patronage siege of 1933

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will admit that Farley put the figure too high.

Running the New Deal left President Roosevelt little time to face the massed battalions of the job-hunters, so Farley, who needed no formal letter of instructions, drew the assignment. Framed under the realistic school of political philosophy, his strategy and technique had already been perfected when Democracy marched her hosts down Pennsylvania Avenue in the inaugural parade. Then as now his aim was to reward the F.R.B.C. men—the prescient folk who had jumped on the Roosevelt bandwagon before the Chicago convention—and to place on the public payroll those men and women whose loyalty to F. D. and the New Deal, like the virtue of Caesar's wife, is beyond suspicion.

Vast new fields were opened for the patronage-hunter, as Congress, signing on the dotted line, approved last spring the emergency legislative programme, voted the establishment of the new agencies whose controls over American life are so sweeping in their scope, and appropriated $4,000,000,000 or more to prime the pump of industry. Jim Farley, smiling, reached out for his golden opportunity.

The Seventy-third Congress had Democratic majorities in both houses, almost three to one. President Roosevelt wanted quick action on his recovery legislation, and he preferred not to risk delay or defeat by insisting that Congress require the new agencies to be staffed by men and women recruited under the Civil Service examinations. As a practical politician, he probably knew that he would have to make some concessions to the job-hungry Democrats in Congress. Great though the prestige of the Civil Service is as an instrument of efficient government, and though two of its contributing architects had been Democrats, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic Congress specifically wrote in the legislation creating the recovery agencies a provision waiving the Civil Service requirements in the selecting of their personnel—this in spite of the fact that the Civil Service Commission, with its huge employment rosters, and its expert knowledge of governmental requirements, could quickly provide men and women competent to handle any job in Washington or outside, from President down.

To continue the story: early in the new Congress, Democrats went into a huddle, and agreed, presumably with the tacit approval of Jim Farley, that as much as possible of the $3,300,000,000 of Public Works money should go to the hundred or more congressional districts that Democratic strategists rate as doubtful territory in 1934. Certain districts, including most of those in the solid South, were written down as safely Democratic. Other districts, a bare hundred or so, in which the Republicans survived the massacre of 1932, were written down as safely Republican. The balance fall into the classification of "no man's land" and it is in these that the Democrats decided to spend every nickel of Public Works money that they could squeeze out of Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administrator, of whom more anon.

Spoilsmen early gained a foothold in the recovery agencies. Take, for example, the NRA. The fiery and combative Hugh S. Johnson, who treats the biggest industrialist as if he were small potatoes, has admitted with a frankness that matches that of Jim Farley that

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in his organization, other things being equal, a Democrat will get preference over a Republican. He unquestionably spoke the truth, yet the admission does not square easily with the appeals made by Johnson for support of the NRA by all Americans, as a non-partisan agency for national recovery. NRA, the wise-crackers say, means "No Republicans Apply," and for once they are not far from the mark. Without the endorsement of a local Democratic leader, Representative or Senator, and the endorsement of a Democrat who is not, like some of the followers of Alfred E. Smith, in Mr. Farley's black books, it is as difficult for an applicant to land even a clerical or stenographic post on the Johnson payroll as it was for the camel of Scripture to pass through the eye of the needle.

THE entrance of the spoilsman into the NRA has a political significance which no one, we suspect, can appreciate better than Jim Farley. The NRA is both the dynamo that provides the juice for the recovery programme and the principal pulpit through which the Gospel of the New Deal is getting its mass circulation. Administrator Johnson has blanketed the country with local committees and boards, from the remotest hamlet to the largest metropolis. Farley early saw that the NRA, with its nation-wide hook-up, could fit nicely into his plans for creating a super-Roosevelt organization. Note, by way of illustration, the enormous power of "suggestion" in behalf of the Roosevelt cause, which has been invested in the county chairwomen (largely picked from the rosters of the Democratic women prominent locally), upon whom has fallen the task of organizing "every woman in every town, hamlet and farm house to buy now, and buy from merchants who display the Blue Eagle." (These words are taken from an official announcement accompanying a list of State chairwomen.) Here we have in the recruit stage a powerful army to marshal political support for Mr. Roosevelt and Democratic candidates for public office in 1934 and 1936, as the embattled Amazons raise the battle cry "Vote for the New Deal."

An inviting pasture toward which the forward-looking Mr. Farley directed his attention betimes was the Emergency Conservation Corps, enlisted 300,000 strong by direction of President Roosevelt, both to perform useful and needed work in the forests and to keep that many young men off the streets and out of competition with the army of jobless pounding city pavements, and roaming as nomads the country highways. As supervisors and technicians for the CCC, Uncle Sam has on his payroll at least 30,000 civilians. Now that President Roosevelt has decided to continue the mobilization of youth in the CCC for another six months, patronage-hunters have been given an added incentive to widen the foothold which they early obtained in the conservation camps. In an order issued by Secretary Wallace on July 22, covering appointments to the staffs of these camps, we read that lists of men for positions requiring qualifications of an unskilled, non-technical and non-professional character "will be furnished through the Secretary's special assistant, Mr. Julian N. Friant, to the Forester, from which list selections shall be made to fill such vacancies as may occur." A Democratic politician from Missouri, early on the Roosevelt bandwagon, and a familiar figure around Washington for many years as a lobby-

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ist, Friant was installed in Wallace's office to find jobs for properly authenticated Roosevelt Democrats, and has devoted a major part of his attention to the conservation camps. To an interviewer, he announced his intention to give preference to men who are in "thorough sympathy" with the Roosevelt programme—a requirement that places a Republican applicant, to use Farley's own figure, in the position of a man who goes to bat with two strikes already called upon him. Supervisors and foremen draw from the Treasury between $150 and $250 a month. Each of the 1,500 camps has from ten to twenty of these jobs—enough to provide Democratic Senators and Representatives who stand in well with Jim Farley a comfortable quota of billets on the public payroll for their political henchmen. At the request of Chairman Farley, the Democratic National Committee late in the summer asked Democratic Congressmen to submit names of constituents capable of filling positions as forest camp foremen and superintendents—a patent recognition of the fact that the CCC had been turned over to the spoilsmen. If Friant and Farley have their way, the conservation boys, who owe their thirty dollars a month to Franklin D. Roosevelt—better pay than a regular soldier gets—will remain a hundred per cent Roosevelt organization.

Headed at the outset by a former Democratic Congressman from South Carolina, "Seaboard Bill" Stevenson, a lame duck—lately succeeded by John H. Fahey—the Federal Home Loan Bank Board is known in Washington as the spoilsman's paradise. Controlling an expenditure of two billion dollars, distributed by an army that numbers ten thousand or more, an organization whose branches reach out into every American county, Stevenson during his chairmanship not only stabled for Mr. Farley any number of his horses, but what is even more valuable for the purposes of the Postmaster General, "Seaboard Bill" has selected men and women who in the main can be counted upon to serve the New Deal efficiently as cheer leaders when election day draws near.

The ostensible purpose of the Home Loan Board and Corporation is to extend help to the harassed home-owners of the country. It no doubt has helped many, but politicians have looked on it as an agency with thousands of jobs to distribute. Local leaders wrangle over names to be submitted for regional, State and local boards, and for the various posts on the Federal payroll—State administrators, county attorneys and appraisers, and so on. In many instances, charge the critics, the jobs of administrators and others have gone to local political and patronage leaders, rather than to those who have a recognized competence to handle mortgage and real estate problems. To illustrate the political bias in the minds of those around Chairman Stevenson, note the official announcement of the appointment of William L. Gleason as assistant manager for the corporation in Brockton, Massachusetts. It is glowingly set forth, as reasons which should commend the selection, that the appointee "was for three years mayor of the city of Brockton, being elected as a Democrat in a city which was a Republican stronghold." Many competent men have been chosen to represent the corporation, men familiar with mortgage and real estate problems, but the trend toward making the organization a refuge for place-hunters has been so marked that Washington will miss its guess if the corporation

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does not come under sharp fire from Congress this winter.

At this point in our story let us introduce Harold L. Ickes, former Bull Mooser, protégé of Hiram Johnson, Secretary of the Interior and Public Works Administrator, with $3,300,000,000 to spend in the national campaign for reëmployment. To the local politicians, what a glittering prospect to feather their own nests, what fine opportunities, through land price manipulation, to get profits for themselves and their friends, and lead their retainers to the public till. Ickes has been under terrific pressure to give money that will help build political fences, and turn over jobs in the PWA —there will be 2,500 in Washington alone—to the politicians. One of the most honest and courageous men in the national Administration, Mr. Ickes, however, has felt under no obligation to Democratic politicians, for his associations of old were with the Bull Moose wing of the G.O.P. and he and Farley in Cabinet meetings have had many a collision. Where possible Ickes has resisted the Farley pressure, for he is quite aware that if the PWA becomes honeycombed with politics, and if through it the alliance between grafting politicians and contractors is renewed, to cast an ominous shadow over the Roosevelt Administration, F. D. will face in 1934 another scandal like Teapot Dome, or the Forbes scandal in the Veterans Bureau under the late Warren G. Harding.

Ickes has established a special anti-graft unit headed by Louis R. Glavis, who was kicked out of the Interior Department in the famous Pinchot-Taft-Ballinger row. Glavis directs a corps of sleuths who are trying to keep graft out of the PWA, with orders to spill the beans, even if the direction reaches high up in the Administration. At a Cabinet meeting, the report goes, Farley tried to override Ickes and to get a hand in appointing the personnel of the investigating unit, presumably on the theory that if a scandal occurs, it would be better to have the organization men handle it among themselves. Ickes has stood like a stone wall, in resisting sabotage of his organization by the Farley patronage machine, and Homer Cummings, Attorney General, a former national chairman, sided with the PWA head, and Ickes won his battle. When a man enters Glavis's employ, he is told that a political recommendation or endorsement will hurt rather than help his chances for advancement.

Though successful in giving Glavis a free hand in fighting graft in Public Works, Ickes has had to yield here and there. Farley has had a hand in picking many of the State engineers and the State advisory boards who are speeding the distribution of Federal cash through the country, and, as an extra-curricular activity, are preaching the gospel of Roosevelt and the New Deal. Ambitious politicians and tuft-hunters, eager for *kudos*, have been active campaigners for places on these boards. The State engineers, as a group, have qualifications professionally that are conceded to be satisfactory, though politics here and there has been injected into the selections. The State advisory boards tell another story, and politics has played a large part in the selection of these men: cheer leaders in their respective communities for the New Deal, and prospective whoopers up for Roosevelt and the Democratic office-holders three years hence.

The placing of his "personnel" men

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in the key Government agencies is a fundamental element in the Farley technique for building up a great Roosevelt machine. Emil Hurja offers a conspicuous example. A Finn by descent, Hurja was an active campaign worker for Roosevelt, and was appointed early in the Administration to a position described as "special assistant" in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, at $7,500 a year. Farley's real purpose in installing him at the R.F.C. was to find jobs for Democrats on the approved list, in one of Uncle Sam's billion dollar corporations, and to put under the microscope the political affiliations of the many high salaried officials of the R.F.C. whom the New Deal had inherited from the days of Herbert C. Hoover.

As Hurja played the rôle of sleuth, the morale of the R.F.C. men went steadily down, for they had been working on a non-political basis, and from day to day, none knew when Farley's agent would not put an F.R.B.C. Democrat in his place. After Hurja had planted all the Roosevelt men he could in the R.F.C., he was succeeded by Norman Baxter as personnel officer, a former Washington newspaper man who had for some time been working for the Democratic National Committee, so the œcumenical line of Farley succession has been kept intact. Hurja then was assigned to the PWA, as Farley's contact agent. In announcing the appointment, Mr. Ickes naïvely said, "The opinion that I have formed of Mr. Hurja from my contacts with him since coming to Washington is that he can be a very useful man in administrative work. I am confident that he will be useful here. As Secretary of the Interior, I have passed on personnel matters myself. I have done the same as Administrator of Public Works. I shall continue to be my own personnel officer." On taking up his duties in the Interior Department, Hurja kept the shades down in his office, making him the Department's man of mystery. Newspaper men kidded Ickes, who quickly called up Hurja, and told him to pull up the blinds, so that people passing along the corridors could see what was going on. The blinds remain up as Hurja passes on the records of PWA applicants, and decides whether or not their services to F. D. rate a job.

At the NRA, Farley has his contact man in the person of the alert Linton Collins, personnel director. A Floridian by birth, Collins was secretary of the Democratic National Committee in that State, and was well seated on the Roosevelt bandwagon before the Chicago convention. Collins works under a chief, General Hugh Johnson, who, other things being equal, gives the breaks to a Democrat, so in refusing to hire applicants for the NRA without the proper endorsement from Democratic leaders, he can cite chapter and verse for authority.

At the Department of Justice sits another member of the Farley "Job Trust"—William Stanley of Baltimore, a $9,500-a-year assistant to the Attorney General, under whose genial eye the proper placing of Roosevelt men in the law enforcement arm of the Government proceeds apace.

A wrecking crew early got under way at the Department of Commerce, particular attention being given to the demolition of the Hoover "propaganda" machine, which the Democrats had charged supplied the White House with so much of the "hooey" fed the country during the 1932 campaign. Hoover had covered into the Civil Service by execu-

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tive order many of the men he had brought into the Department from private life, and now by another executive order, this group has been "covered" out of the service, and many of them have been given the gate.

In Bull Mooser Ickes, as noted above, Farley has found scant coöperation in his patronage plans, so little indeed as to have prompted certain Democratic Senators, in that round robin of mysterious authorship, to demand that Ickes stop appointing Republicans and give some places to old line Democrats. Henry Wallace, another "Roosevelt Republican" has traveled pretty consistently under his own umbrella, though his Department offers the classic example of political jobbery in the designation of former Governor Bilbo of Mississippi, at $6,000 a year, to clip newspapers, an assignment that could be handled by a $1,200-a-year clerk. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has resisted Farley's advances. From the beginning she made it plain that she intended to pick her own key men, and few politicians have found a place in the Labor Department. And finally, in Dr. Arthur Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, Farley has encountered the toughest Roman of them all. It was Morgan, former president of Antioch College, who shocked the politicians when he launched his savage attack on the spoils system, in an address before the Public Ownership Institute at Chicago. "It is my opinion," declared Morgan, "that the very life of the American nation is threatened by political patronage." But Farley tells the newspaper men, referring to the law barring political appointments in Dr. Morgan's TVA, "There are ways of getting round that."

Farley may be "Jim" to tens of thousands of small fry "pols" and the bell-ringers who helped roll up F. D.'s thundering majority last November, but even his encyclopedic memory can hardly hold on tap the essential data on every man who has deserved well of the master. Some like Lee Sack, of course, he knew personally—the Scripps-Howard reporter taken from the press gallery for Minister to Costa Rica, as a reward, it is said, for lining up certain influential Democrats for Roosevelt. So at the Democratic National Committee he has established as fine a card index as any war office the world over has to keep tabs on its reservists. Every Democrat holding office and named by the party is listed, with a complete record of the Democratic officials who sponsored him. The office-holder and his sponsor can thus readily be checked. Another list contains the new appointees by States—with the exact number of jobs given each State, and the salary attached thereto. Thus Farley, like an advertiser planning a national campaign, finds it easy to pass out the jobs on an equitable basis geographically. Small wonder, in the light of his patronage activities that Senator Harry Byrd, in a moment of eulogy, described Farley as "second only to the President of the United States, the second most powerful man in the United States, and that means the second most powerful man in the world."

FARLEY's relations with F. D. are close and cordial. For it was the Farley campaign of salesmanship, his indefatigable efforts in bringing F. D.'s qualifications before Democratic leaders all over the country that placed Mr. Roosevelt so early and so far ahead of the pre-convention pack. Few Cabinet officers are more frequently in conference

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at the White House, and no man, now that Ray Moley has deserted the Brain Trust to become a magazine editor, has a more ready access to the inner sanctum. Politics and patronage bring Farley almost daily to the White House—when he is in town, for Jim is still the most active of the New Deal's traveling salesmen. He gives little time to the Post Office Department, which has been run by his first assistant, Joseph C. O'Mahoney, recently appointed Senator from Wyoming, and insiders say it has never been run better, so Farley's absence is no loss. F. D. has given Farley a pretty free hand, but this may not permit the White House to escape altogether the patronage storm that seems to be brewing on Capitol Hill, as Congress digs in for the long session.

Realist to the core, quite aware that jobs are the biggest assets that a political party can have, Farley knows exactly where he is heading. In his dreams, he may visualize himself as governor of New York, and perhaps successor to F. D. in the White House, but these dreams do not divert him from the main business on hand. Through the judicial use of patronage, and a full capitalization of the political potentialities that inhere in the new Government agencies, he has built a vast Roosevelt machine, dedicated to the vindication of the New Deal, and the retention in office of those placed on the public payroll since the fourth of March. It is not the Democratic party as such for which he is working—for Al Smith Democrats, like Senator David I. Walsh and Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, have been frozen out at the pie counter, and they occupy none of the choice seats at the banquet table. What he has in mind is the creation of a Roosevelt party, the fundamental test for membership being loyalty to F. D. and his causes. Through the system of Federal controls, intervention in business, a ban on the free use of money, and through the assumption of the Federal Government of powers that under Jeffersonian traditions belong to the States, the New Deal has already junked some of the basic principles of old line Democracy. In its place, as Prohibition was repealed, Farley called a toast for the "Roosevelt party."

No other national chairman in our day ever had an opportunity comparable to that which fate has placed in the hands of Jim Farley, and none, we fancy, would have had the smartness and the realism to apply on a scale so gigantic the principles of Big Business in politics. For he is not only a master politician, but he has realized also, as the Brain Trust has not, that if the Republicans are to be estopped from capturing the citadel again in the near future, the ideas of the Roosevelt Revolution must be sold to the country. Through the NRA, the Home Loan Board, the PWA, the AAA, and what not, Roosevelt men staff the recovery armies, and through the vast propaganda machine directed by Charlie Michelson—Hoover's "gadfly"—loaned by the Democratic National Committee for the purpose, Farley has launched the greatest selling campaign in history. The New Deal may have brought with it a social and economic revolution, but it has done something else. Thanks to Jim Farley, it has introduced a new spoils system created on lines proportioned to the magnitude of the Roosevelt Revolution.

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Consider the Third Little Pig

By J. M. Nolte

The general property-owner, too, has supported his carefree brethren, with taxes, but threatens revolt

There is an unwholesome sociological attitude in the now-famous cinema symphony of the "Three Little Pigs," and in the inspirational song which has been its twin in popularity throughout the United States. No doubt most of us consider ourselves blood brethren of the first and second pigs; few of us follow the story to its conclusion and sequel, and consider what was really the fate of the third pig. Except for the feeling of virtuous satisfaction at having performed his Boy Scout's "good turn" and eliminated the Big Bad Wolf, what did he get out of it all? First, the necessity of hard work in order to make his economic household impregnable against the Wolf's attacks. Second, the privilege of housing and feeding his weaker and more foolish brethren at inconvenient times when the Wolf happened to blow their houses in. The third pig was the forgotten pig; and a lot of our national exaltation and optimism would be dissipated overnight could we bring ourselves to face honestly the task of determining just what the sacrifices we are demanding of him are doing to him, and to the country. In terms of our national life, the third pig is the general property-owner, and the sacrifices he has been forced to make have come in the form of *ad valorem* taxes.

"Thorough-going reform of our tax methods," wrote the present writer in The North American Review for July, 1931, "is inevitable." In the same article, an attempt was made to emphasize the fact that taxation in America, regardless of our previous and our present habits of assessment and collection, has become a national affair, and is no longer primarily a local one. The writer tried to point out that unless measures were promptly taken towards formulating a national policy, the problems arising from tax delinquency would increase in gravity and in magnitude, contributing to the depression and unnecessarily prolonging it. This last prediction has been so abundantly fulfilled that today you can pick up your daily newspaper almost anywhere in the United States and find one or more references to the desperate condition of local and State governments because they are helpless to deal with an ever-accelerating general property tax failure.

During the Presidential campaign in 1932, the Democratic party ignored this aspect of the tax question, contenting itself with accusations that the party it

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was trying to defeat had taxed the people entirely too much. These loud accusations, by the way, seem to have been forgotten by many who now seek to share in the majestic spending programme of the New Deal. Ex-President Hoover made the only official political suggestion during the 1932 campaign—at least so far as the writer is aware—for attacking the taxation problem in a comprehensive manner. The landslide vote against him apparently convinced the Democratic political geniuses that any Hoover suggestion was poisonous, and the ex-President's plan died in embryo. Very recently, worried by the imminence of a fiscal *impasse*, some officials of the present Administration have exhumed it, and are now belatedly and timidly trying to compass a resurrection.

There has been so much to engage the attention of the people during the past few years that it is not surprising to have had them forget the problem of taxation, and even to forget to pay the taxes themselves. The time is directly at hand, however, when the continued prodding of the irksome details of tax collection, like repeated thrusts of a mahout's elephant-goad, will penetrate the pachydermous hide of the public and move it to action.

THE trouble with our taxing system is briefly stated: it invests social injustice with a legal sanction. From the earliest days of our national life, we have taken the largest share of our taxes from general property-owners. During the first century and a quarter of our existence, this was proper; but during the last quarter century or so two things have occurred to make such a system grossly inequitable. First, land has moved far down the list of productive facilities in so far as the national income is concerned. That is, while we formerly obtained an overwhelming percentage of our income as a people from enterprises directly connected with land and its exploitation, we now receive from such sources a very much smaller percentage. Second, we have changed our philosophy of government to such a degree that there is no longer justification for looking to the landowner as the chief beneficiary of governmental activities. That is, while in the early days the meagre expense of government was largely for activities directly benefiting the owners of land as such, that is no longer the case today. When some eighty-five per cent of our people were general property-owners of consequence, whatever benefits government conferred were necessarily enjoyed by them. General property-owners were virtually "the people." But now that nearly half of our people are not owners of even a consequential amount of general property, there is no reason why these non-owners should not pay a fair share of the taxes.

We find that in our big income year of 1929 we spent at least $13,500,000,000 in local, State and Federal taxes, with perhaps another $2,000,000,000 in addition in the form of special assessments against land for public improvements. (This last figure is an estimate, and, I think, far too small; but the subject, so far as I have been able to determine, has not been competently analyzed.) We also find that from sixty-five per cent to seventy per cent of this total came from owners of general property in the form of percentage assessments against capital value. Now, turning to the income account, we find that returns from land as a productive facility during the same year could not have exceeded twenty-five per cent of the total

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income of $89,000,000,000 credited to our people by the National Bureau of Economic Research. In other words, from general property-owners receiving about $22,000,000,000 of income, we took something like $10,000,000,000 in taxes. We actually took much more, because each of these general property-owners paid the usual citizen's share of several State and Federal taxes of other kinds—excises, sales taxes, etc. Land thus paid in 1929 a tax comparable to the luxury excise on cigarettes! Had general property-owners paid a ratable proportion of the tax load, they would have contributed only fifteen per cent of their income instead of over forty-five per cent. Their tax would have been less than $4,000,000,000 instead of over $10,000,000,000.

What is the situation today? The income of the people has dropped to an estimated total of some $50,000,000,000 for 1933; but the total tax load has grown greater. It is so much greater that one hesitates to make a statement; but when approximate figures are available, the total will not be less than $16,000,000,000. Much of the increase over 1929 will be absorbed by the new taxing endeavors of the Federal Government, which is thus awkwardly moving to correct the manifest iniquity of our system; but the chief reason why the landowners' contribution will be less than in 1929 is simply that the landowners have been unable to pay their taxes.

In the 1931 article mentioned, the writer endeavored to impress upon readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW that a tax system which takes sixty-five per cent of its taxes from a class receiving twenty-five per cent of the national income can not be continued indefinitely. Our margins in conducting business and in the art of merely subsisting are not adequate to such a sacrifice. The system must inevitably ruin many of the class it preys upon. This result has unhappily already been accomplished, as the statistics of tax delinquency and the plight of farmers and home-owners make all too plain. The system will also very probably create such economic maladjustments that orderly commercial life will be disrupted. It may be truthfully contended that our commercial life was already disrupted before 1929; but the effects of the disruption caused by inequitable taxation have been added to those of other causes of the depression, and the failure to correct a patent evil is prolonging the winter of our discontent.

ECONOMIC law can not be flouted. It has a way of working to its own conclusions, no matter what mortals do to divert it. Our failure to lift the tremendous burden of taxes from the shoulders of the owners of land has brought a grievous penalty. The tragedy is that this penalty has fallen with greatest severity upon the landowner himself, the original victim of the uneconomic behavior. Even before 1929, the unjust system had squeezed out of existence thousands upon thousands of equities in homes and farms throughout the United States. This process has continued until today there is little left of the once powerful and wholesome traditions of home-ownership. The first effect of this discouragement of home-ownership—which was strongly felt as early as 1926—was to put an end to the building of small homes. The second effect was to poison the mind of the average farmer, who could look upon his farm no longer as a home but merely as a shelter and a source of meagre and pre-

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carious existence. The third effect was to increase temporarily in urban centres the erection of "jerry-built" houses and of shoddy multiple-dwelling buildings. The final effect, when the assessors had finished with the latter structures and the price declines of the depression had deflated values and rentals, was to throw great numbers of owners of such dwellings and apartments into virtual bankruptcy.

Even now, few of our communities seem to appraise at their real value the blighting effects of the unequal tax burden. The daily press, in spite of the alarming growth of tax delinquency, is full of accounts of the attempts of local governments to make more severe the penalties of failure to pay property taxes. Some unprincipled persons are undoubtedly taking advantage of the wide-spread delinquency to evade their taxes, and such people should be sought out and punished if the law can be made discriminating enough to do it; but until local governments take seriously a situation which has all the elements of a revolution-breeder, America will not settle down to an orderly life. Some of the bloodiest internecine warfare of history has been started by tax conditions no whit more discriminatory than that with which our citizens are now contending. Nothing of a fiscal nature that the Lord North cabinet ever conceived in Colonial days can balance the terrific injustice that we are showing towards the largest minority of our own people.

In spite of the purblindness of our various governments, economics is slowly correcting the inequitable situation. The national income has shrunk. Many enterprises not mainly dependent upon land and its products are receiving little income. The Federal and State income taxes show a smaller total yield. Landowners, meagre as is their return, are getting a larger percentage of the national income than they got in 1929. The Federal Government, moreover, is to some degree subsidizing the States and localities by assigning to them a share of the Federal taxes and proceeds from bonds. Some of this subsidy is going into ventures which otherwise would be undertaken by the localities themselves. In most States, if the latter were the case, the landowner would pay almost the entire cost. As it is, he will pay only a small part. The Federal portion of our national tax load is constantly growing, and in percentage of the total tax, the general property-owner is getting some small relief. In this roundabout manner necessity is forcing us to come to the aid of the property-owner.

This method of correction, however, has other dangers besides slowness. It is inseparably bound up with the Government's "make work" programme of public improvements, and that programme is certain to be wasteful. In spite of the honesty and good intent of the leaders of the Administration, jobbery, political chicane and "gold bricking" will exact their toll. The only excuse for the programme is the necessity of unemployment relief, and of course we must subordinate other considerations to the attainment of that end. We must put up with the favoritism and the waste and the graft. There is no apparent reason, however, why we could not, if we would, start now deliberately and honestly to devise a more equitable system of taxation than that which has broken down.

IT IS natural to ask why, if this evil of overtaxing is plain to behold, steps have not been taken before this to eliminate it. The answer is bound up with the

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history of so many American habits and prejudices that volumes could be written in explanation. Why didn't the third little pig thumb his nose at his two improvident brothers as well as at the Big Bad Wolf? It is sufficient to say here that our changed conception of the functions of government has made a growing tax load inevitable, and that we have therefore been unwilling to consider the expenses of government as a function of income. We have decided that the Government must spend, and the budget must be met for that expenditure. We have taken the money where we could get it. Whatever happens, so we have decided, we must not give up any of the new duties which government has assumed. Taxes have not only stayed high; they have gone higher.

A sociologist would say that we have adopted taxation as the principal means of redistributing wealth in our society. In a little-restricted individualistic civilization like ours, wealth has a habit of concentrating. We redistribute by confiscation or expropriation through taxes. In order that the poor man may send his children to good schools, we must give each small town an educational plant as good as the average preparatory school of twenty years ago. Pay for it out of taxes! In order that the ordinary mortal may enjoy the automobile, we must build a vast network of smooth highways, which will make it possible for small and cheap motor cars to equal the performance of large and expensive ones. Pay for the roads out of taxes! Our expanding and accelerating manner of life has brought expensive problems of policing, of public health and sanitation, of occupational relief; the list of examples is endless. It should be obvious, however, that the beneficiaries of this new paternalism are no longer primarily the owners of general property in their capacity as such. Yet to an iniquitous extent we still draw from such owners the cost of our socialistic adventures. It may be sound social theory to confiscate wealth to prevent undue concentration. The trouble is that we have been confiscating the wealth of those citizens who no longer possess it.

There are several classes of people who do not want the present tax system changed. First, there are those whose income is largely derived from sources other than general property. Many of them would rather pay a large and discriminatory property tax than a fair tax based on actual income. It will be found that most Taxpayers' Leagues are largely supported by men and institutions belonging to this class. That is why no honest tax reform is likely to come from such leagues. They are eager to reduce taxes, to get a dollar's worth of material and labor for each tax dollar, and their efforts in this direction are commendable; but they are not interested in the correction of social injustice.

Second, there is the large army of office-holders. They have found in the general property tax a sweet and apparently ever-flowing spring of funds. The general property tax is easy to assess, easy to levy, and, under the threat of confiscation for delinquency, it has hitherto been easy to collect. The impulse toward reform will not come from the office-holders until the spring goes dry—which may be very soon! The captains of this great bureaucratic army are those loudest in their pleas for sharper "teeth" in the laws penalizing delinquency.

Third, there is the mass of urban citizens who are not consequential owners of general property, and who are opposed to any change which is likely

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to increase the amount of their own taxes. They are perfectly willing to go on voting taxes for the other fellow to pay. They do not realize that no nation can have real prosperity with half of its population financially sick. If it could be brought home to them that, having already brought the general property-owner to the verge of ruin, and having thus helped to destroy the American market, the present tax system is shackling the businesses upon which they themselves depend, thereby prolonging the depression, their opposition would dwindle.

Fourth, there is the hierarchy of Federal financial ministers, who are having trouble enough with their own fiscal problems, and are unwilling as yet to assume the full responsibility which their broad vision of the sweep of Federal activities must eventually entail. There are a few faint but hopeful signs that they are gradually learning the elements of a practicable taxing method.

Finally, of course, there are the inert millions who have never given taxation a thought except to resent it, and from whom it is hopeless to expect intelligent action. Even these, however, know that they and their fellows are uncomfortable and distressed. They will follow if and when leadership makes its programme seem plausible.

WHAT steps should be taken to correct the evils of the present system? The writer has seen no better suggestion than that made by Mr. Hoover. The first step is to give the problem the place it deserves in public attention by calling a conference of State representatives to discuss the outlines of a national tax policy. The second step is to lay the foundation for progress by correlating tax information from the various tax-levying and tax-collecting authorities throughout the United States. The third step is to study this information in the light of our present knowledge about the income of the people of the United States and its distribution. While these steps are being taken, growing tax delinquency will continue to impress the public with the urgency of the need for reform. The steps can not be honestly and earnestly taken without leading to a change of the system. The change, indeed, will come whether the steps are taken or not; but it will come more easily and with less further pain to our citizens if we withdraw from the wailing wall or the ballyhoo wagon long enough to become acquainted with reality.

There may be another programme more simple and more direct than that which Mr. Hoover outlined. It is to be hoped that such is the case. It is probable, however, that the collection of all taxes will ultimately have to be assumed by the Federal Government. As this is a matter involving a real working agreement between the Federal Government and the States, the forms of constitutional procedure must doubtless be carefully observed. The exact method of operation is for the lawyers to determine. The layman may only hope to point out again, as the writer tried to do in 1931, that the time for argument and for paltering and fussing with half measures is already past. The third little pig is everlastingly tired of giving free protection and free board to his selfish and indigent brothers.

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Hitler and the German Church

By George J. Walmer

German Protestantism wins the first round of a fight that promises to be long and bitter

Two recent developments in the history of the new Germany have attracted the attention of the world. The first was the plebiscite on the policy of the National Socialist Government, in which forty million out of forty-three million voters professed their approval of the Nazi programme. The second was the wholly unexpected and, so far as it went, successful rebellion among the clergy of the German Protestant Church against the attempt to fasten upon their necks the yoke of the "German Christian" movement sponsored by Adolf Hitler.

The plebiscite, if we concede that the official figures of the results of the balloting are to be taken at their face value, was an exhibition of regimented mass opinion, partly cajoled and partly dragooned into support of the Nazi cause by methods which transformed the exercise of the franchise into a farcical perversion of democratic procedure. The sweeping victory of the dictatorship, on a scale unparalleled in the history of popular suffrage, seemed to put the seal of finality upon the programme of *gleichschaltung* (coördination) of which Hitler has boasted so loudly as the goal of his internal policy. It bore witness that all opinion at variance with Hitler, save for the consciences of three million exceptionally bold but unorganized citizens, had been quelled. All the great political groupings which at one time or another had been pointed to as barring Hitler's path to power had been either abolished or captured. The Social Democratic party, the Communist party, the trade unions, the semi-military republican *Reichsbanner*, had all vanished from the scene so completely that it now seems almost incredible that they once ranked among the most powerful organizations of their kind in the world. The Roman Catholic Centre party and the Junkers' Nationalist party had been disbanded and their membership amalgamated with the National Socialist movement. The *Reichswehr*, the police and the Steel Helmets had become little more than tame auxiliaries to Hitler's bumptious storm troops. Field Marshal von Hindenburg had signed away the presidential prerogatives to the dapper, scowling fanatic with the Charlie Chaplin mustache and the persuasive tongue. The governments of the autonomous states had been subverted beneath the Nazi steam-roller. The civil service, university faculties and chess clubs had been purged of Liberals and Jews. The

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Roman Catholic Church had negotiated a concordat pledging itself to abstain from all political activity. As a minor incident scarcely worthy of note amid this welter of expiring causes, it had been reported that the twenty-eight regional churches that represented the faith proclaimed by Martin Luther and John Calvin had been united into a single *Reichskirche*, under the jurisdiction of a bishop virtually appointed by Hitler, who is himself a nominal Roman Catholic.

Such was the German scene as it was unfolded to the startled gaze of foreigners who could scarcely credit that such things were possible in a civilized nation. The outcome of the plebiscite on November 12 only confirmed their worst fears. Even under the protection of the secret ballot, less than a tenth of the German voters dared to express their opposition to Hitler. That there could be such a thing as openly voiced dissent to any policy pursued by the Nazis seemed beyond the realm of reasonable expectation. "The German nation is National Socialist, and the National Socialist movement is Germany!" proclaimed the *Völkischer Beobachter* ecstatically.

But to the welcome surprise of the outside world, and to the discomfiture of the Nazi leaders themselves, such an expression of open dissent has made itself felt and has wrung concessions from the Government. Thousands of Protestant pastors have uncompromisingly announced their determination to combat the attempts of the German Christians to graft their new doctrines upon the Bible and the faith of Luther.

WHO are the "German Christians" and what do they want? In effect, they play, or aspire to play, the same rôle in the religious sphere that the National Socialists have played in the political sphere. Just as the Nazis insist that the German nation must sunder all ties of intimacy with other countries, so the German Christians declare that the Christian Church in the Reich must be Germanized and purged of all false notions of the universality of human brotherhood. They represent a school of thought which, with that truly Teutonic thoroughness for which Germans have long been famous, is prepared to carry the theory and practice of anti-Semitism to a logical extreme from which most anti-Semites have hitherto shrunk. Anti-Semites of former days, while declaiming against the Jews, usually remained orthodox Christians in the theological sense, acknowledging the Bible as the word of God. But the German Christians at least possess the virtue of being far more rigorously consistent in their reasoning, if such a term can be properly applied to the mysterious complex of hates and passions which fills the space where their minds ought to be.

In common with anti-Semites generally, they hold that the Jews are a racial group whose ethical and artistic concepts are so depraved and so alien to those of the "Aryans" that they only serve to corrupt and poison the well of "Aryan" ideals. But the Bible stands forth as preeminently the product of Jewish genius. The Old Testament was written by men who were Jews both by race and by religion. The New Testament was written by men who were Jews by race if not by religion. These facts have in the past proved rather embarrassing to anti-Semites who have avoided pressing their doctrine to the point of laying irreverent hands upon this most sacred monument of the Christian faith. But the German

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Christians have more logic and less scruple. They have absorbed enough of the higher criticism of the Bible to know that some scholars doubt that it is divinely inspired, and this has furnished them with a peg upon which to hang their argument. The Old Testament, in the words of their former Berlin district leader, Dr. Reinhold Krause, is nothing but a "collection of tales by cattle dealers and pimps." It is un-German and must go.

Outside the German Christian faction proper, though so closely allied with it in spirit that it is sometimes difficult to draw a clear line of demarcation between them, is the avowedly non-Christian German Faith Movement. This sect, which has some 300,000 members, is led by Count Ernst Reventlow, Nazi deputy in the Reichstag, and Dr. Jakob Wilhelm Hauer, professor of religious philosophy at Tübingen University. It adheres to the theory propounded by Nietzsche that Christianity is an opiate maliciously foisted upon the unsuspecting Teutons by the Jews for the purpose of fostering the "slave insurrection in morals" among the "pre-Aryan" masses by indoctrinating them with effeminate and pacifistic ideals. Thereby the Jews seek to destroy reverence for the "aristocratic" virtues—strength, courage, beauty, knightliness—which have made Germany great. Professor Hauer, who is the chief purveyor of intellectual pabulum to this group, would sweep away the New Testament equally with the Old, on the ground that the ethical teachings of Christianity are alien to the religious concepts of the "Indo-Germanic" race. In India, where he was at one time a Christian missionary, he studied the ancient Hindu religion brought to India by the prehistoric Aryans. In a synthesis of the "heroic" ethical concepts of the Indian Aryans and their alleged kinsmen the ancient Teutons, he holds that there is a sounder basis for German faith than in the "slave morality" of the Christian tradition. If the German religion must have a mythological background, let it be a Nordic mythology and not a Jewish one. The tales of Adam and Eve, of Noah's ark, of Abraham and Moses, of Christ Himself, must be replaced by the sagas of those heroes warranted genuinely Teutonic—Wotan and Thor and Siegfried. This does not mean, of course, that the German Faith Movement advocates a return to the whole-hearted heathenism preached by General Ludendorff. The grosser features of polytheism are toned down and, as it were, rationalized into a vague pantheism that echoes the sentiment voiced in the last century by the poet Arndt: "We no longer regard this necessity of the earth, the physical might and sovereignty of the elements, as something unholy, for we find in them the godhead and a superabundant life."

Fully to comprehend the underlying currents of thought which have led to this curious revival of paganism, it is well to recall that with the exception of Russia—which has already repudiated Christianity—Germany was the last great nation of Europe to become Christianized. Whereas Christianity in France, Italy and Spain has a continuous history from the Third Century or earlier, and in England from the Seventh Century, it was not until the Ninth Century that it was firmly established in Germany, and as late as the Thirteenth Century the Teutonic Knights were waging a crusade against the heathen Prussians. Moreover, in the *Nibelungenlied* Germany boasts what no other European nation possesses—

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a popular pagan epic, which preserves literary continuity with the pre-Christian era. It is true that the piety of the Middle Ages overlaid this work with a thin veneer of Christianity, but it is significant that Wagner, when he resorted to it to find material for his operatic tetralogy, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*, discarded the Christian element altogether and reverted to primeval paganism. The immense popularity of these operas has undoubtedly made the average German far better acquainted with the legends of Teutonic paganism than with much of the Biblical narrative, and the mass mind has thereby been in some measure made receptive to the proposed new religious dispensation. Many men, loosed from their orthodox spiritual moorings by the rationalistic interpretation of the Bible and hungering after some cause to which they can devote themselves, have taken refuge in the cult of religious nationalism which finds its ethical justification in an old paganism transformed into a modern pantheism. Inevitably one is reminded of Nietzsche's dictum that "unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does among Protestants—namely, a sort of revolt against the spirit of the race, while with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race."

THE German Christians, however, are not so extreme as their brethren in the German Faith Movement. They are willing to compromise by retaining the skeleton of Christian tradition, though completely revamping it to accord with the hundred and one per cent Germanism so assiduously propagated by the Nazis. They look with favor upon the theory first advanced a generation ago by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who seriously sought to prove that Christ was not a Jew by race, though admittedly reared in the Jewish faith. Although Chamberlain did not venture to define very precisely what Christ's racial origin might have been, his followers have supplied the missing link by affirming that Jesus was really the offspring of some people akin to the ancient Teutons. The story of his life is thereby neatly transformed into an epic struggle between "Aryan" ideals and the "Oriental" materialism of Jewish scribes and Pharisees. According to this theory, the real message of the great "Nordic" hero has been hidden from the world for nearly two thousand years by the Jewish authors of the New Testament, who deliberately corrupted and bowdlerized the text of the true Teutonic Gospel by importing into it the Semitic spirit of defeatism and pacifism. Paradoxically enough, one of the features of the New Testament which the anti-Semites want expurgated is the account of the Crucifixion, the story of which, perhaps more than anything else, has contributed to a popularization of Jew-hatred among the vulgar. The German Christians, of course, are not actuated by any desire to spare the Jews' feelings, but by the theory that Christ's unresisting submission to his fate breathes the spirit of humility and pacifistic resignation. Such a theme is obviously unworthy of propagation in the new Germany, where the manifestation of such traits is sufficient reason for relegation to a concentration camp.

As for their attitude to the Jews, it is sufficient to say that they advocate the expulsion from the ministry of the thirty-odd baptized Jews who are now Protestant pastors, and demand that Jewish Christians among the laity be segregated from their Christian breth-

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ren and required to attend "ghetto churches." "A godless fellow-countryman is nearer to us than a racial alien [i.e., a Jew], even if the latter sing the same hymns and pray the same prayers as we do," is the pungent and unambiguous way in which Bishop Hossenfelder has expressed it.

The Reverend Dr. Joachim Hossenfelder, Bishop of Brandenburg, is the most aggressive personality among the German Christians. He holds to the theory that there can only be one community in the nation, and that if conscience conflicts with the will of the community as expressed by the state (i.e., the National Socialist party), conscience must be wrong.

Less brazen in his attitude than Dr. Hossenfelder is the erstwhile army chaplain who was nominated by Hitler to the headship of the German Protestant Church, the Reverend Dr. Ludwig Müller, Bishop of the Reich. By his former utterances and by his benign tolerance of the activities of Dr. Hossenfelder, the Primate of the church had given indications that he was sympathetic with the aims of the extreme German Christians, though more fearful than they of provoking the storm that would ensue if any attempt were made to implement them. Like many opportunists who are without deep convictions, Bishop Müller has attempted to straddle the question at issue by running with the hare and riding with the hounds. His recent statement of policy would seem to have been carefully phrased to give comfort to the German Christians without actually deviating from the orthodoxy of Christian doctrine:

"We German Christians want to be Christians and proclaim the doctrines of our Church after our own fashion. We can not be a conglomeration of Christians and Nordic Pagans. Christianity did not emerge from Judaism but grew out of wars upon it. We must learn to view Christ after the German fashion."

It is against the propagation within the Protestant Church of German Christian ideas and those of the closely allied German Faith Movement that thousands of Protestant pastors have rebelled—the first sign of organized unrest in Germany since Hitler embarked upon his coördination policy. The events leading up to the recent crisis may be briefly summarized. Among the first steps taken by Hitler after his appointment as Chancellor was the compulsory unification of the Protestant churches of Germany into a single Reich's-Church, which was to be administered by a Reich's-bishop assisted by a number of diocesan bishops. This move was not in itself unpopular, but the clergy feared that it portended the coördination of the church with the will of the state. However, the Council of the Church Federation, which provisionally assumed the government of the newly united church, was predominantly composed of clergymen of the old school. Late in May, hoping to forestall complete Nazi domination, the Council hastened to elect to the office of Reich's-bishop the Reverend Dr. Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, a pastor who adhered to the orthodox traditions. Dr. Müller, Hitler's candidate, was unceremoniously passed over. The choice of Dr. von Bodelschwingh was unacceptable to the Nazi Government, which retaliated on June 24 by appointing a state commissioner to administer the affairs of the Protestant churches in Prussia. Dr. von Bodelschwingh pro-

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tested against this action, asserting that he was thereby overridden in the exercise of his functions as Primate of the church, and adding:

"We want a young, live church, in which spiritual matters will be dealt with in a spiritual way and in which the proclamation of the Gospel remains free from all means of political force. The struggle for the free church of the Gospel goes further. It is at the same time the struggle for the soul and for the future of our people."

In protest against the deposition of Dr. von Bodelschwingh, President von Hindenburg was deluged with a stream of letters and telegrams expostulating that the church's spiritual freedom had been infringed by the arbitrary action of the Government. Thereupon the weary Titan bestirred himself from the blissful Nirvana to which he had been consigned by Hitler. It was one of the rare occasions on which he has taken a hand in affairs of state since his virtual retirement following the Nazi accession to power. The President summoned the Chancellor to a conference on his country estate at Neudeck and later wrote him a letter expressing his deep concern, as an Evangelical Christian and as head of the Reich, at the prospect of a conflict between church and state. "Before God and my conscience," affirmed the aged Field Marshal with emotion, "I therefore feel compelled to do everything to ward off such harm."

Herr Hitler realized that to quarrel so early in his official career with the still widely venerated old warrior might do him irreparable injury. He immediately initiated measures to allay the President's anxiety, and on July 12 telegraphed him that the dispute had been settled in a manner satisfactory to both parties. "The inner freedom of the church, which I also have especially at heart, is placed beyond doubt by the withdrawal of the commissioner and the sub-commissioners."

Despite this apparent concession, however, it soon became manifest that the Nazis had not surrendered their cherished design of coördinating the church, but had merely altered their tactics. A frontal attack having proved inadvisable, they resolved to try the same methods which had gained them victory in the political sphere under the guise of democratic procedure. On July 23 elections were to be held to select the membership of the national synod and the subordinate councils which were to administer the affairs of the Reich's-Church. All Protestant laymen were eligible to vote, and the Nazi propaganda machine went into action with its usual efficiency. Hitler broadcast a radio address in behalf of the German Christians. Hosts of persons who rarely resort to religious ministrations save when they require the rites of baptism, marriage and burial were mobilized and sent to the polls. The result was what might have been anticipated. The German Christians won a substantial majority, and Dr. Müller was soon confirmed as Reich's-bishop by the new governing body of the church. Invoking the time-honored principle that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," the new Primate pressed forward with his plans for coördinating the church.

For a long time all the voices of the traditional order in the German Protestant Church were muffled, and the world reconciled itself to the reluctant belief that the heirs of Luther's great fight for religious independence were of inferior mettle to the founder of the Protestant faith. But at last the

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German Christians, greedily reaching out for absolute sway, made a move which shocked the consciences of the traditionalists and warned them that they could no longer remain silent if they wished to preserve so much as the shreds of their faith.

The action of the German Christians which precipitated the crisis was a great mass meeting of their society in the Berlin Sportpalast on November 13, the night after Hitler's sweeping victory in the plebiscite. Bishop Hossenfelder, clad in a Nazi uniform, took the chair and announced that he would "fight for the German Evangelical Church not as a church for all the world but as one for the Third Reich and the Brown Shirts." The assemblage then clamorously passed a resolution demanding the abolition of the Old Testament, the expurgation of the New to eliminate the account of the Crucifixion and the missionary activities of the Jew St. Paul, and the denial of religious equality to baptized Jews.

It was soon apparent that the German Christians had overreached themselves. They had with blatant effrontery attacked and derided the fundamental tenets of Christianity. If the defenders of the orthodox doctrine were to take no action, they would in effect be acquiescing cravenly in the paganization of the eldest daughter of the Reformation and her complete severance from fellowship and communion with the Christian churches of the world.

On the following Sunday, November 19—a day set aside to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the birth of Luther—three thousand ministers who had banded together to form the Pastors' Emergency League mounted their pulpits and read to their tense congregations a declaration that was restrained and dignified, but none the less cogent. They condemned the spirit of heathenism which was rampant within the church. They lamented the failure of the Primate to take disciplinary action against the heretics. They reaffirmed their faith in both the Old and the New Testaments, and they exhorted their congregations to stand firmly behind their pastors in the struggle that was impending.

In the days that followed, the recusant pastors held numerous meetings with their parishioners to concert measures of resistance against the Nazi aggression and demand the removal of Bishop Hossenfelder. Although Nazi partisans prevented some of these meetings from taking place, it soon became evident that the Protestant world was stirred to its depths. For the first time voices were heard which by implication condemned Hitler's anti-Semitic policy. "The Church of Jesus Christ," declared a group of pastors at Breslau, "is no community of blood but a community of the Holy Ghost, and whoever tries to exclude Evangelical Christians of alien stock denies the divine ordination of the church and the sacrament of baptism." There were unmistakable indications that if the German Christians were allowed to pursue their course unchecked, the newly united Reich's-Church would be likely to founder upon a schism of major proportions which would be far more serious in its doctrinal implications than the sectarianism which had formerly divided it.

CHANCELLOR HITLER and his associates in the Government were taken by surprise at this appearance of rebellion where they had least anticipated it. More than that, they were alarmed at the sinister shape which events were

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assuming. The German Christian movement was known to have all the resources of the Government behind it. If it were openly flouted with impunity, it would do irreparable damage to Hitler's reputation as a strong man who is unerringly guided by God and to the prestige of the "totalitarian" state which asserts the right to regulate even the thoughts of its citizens. Accordingly, after secret conferences between Chancellor Hitler and Bishop Müller, the Nazis completely reversed their religious policy and endeavored to conciliate and appease the recusant pastors. The Primate trimmed with characteristic agility by promptly adapting himself to the altered circumstances. He now declared without qualification that "in the new Evangelical Church the Gospel will naturally remain as a foundation on which the message of Christ will rest." As recently as November 27 he had denounced attacks on Bishop Hossenfelder as "unjustified and unevangelical," but two days later the entire ecclesiastical cabinet of the Reich's-Church, of which Dr. Hossenfelder was the most notorious member, was required to hand in its resignation to the Primate. The position of the Primate himself, in whose spiritual integrity the orthodox clergy had long lost faith, was not secure. His formal consecration as Reich's-bishop, which was to have taken place on December 3, was indefinitely postponed until the situation should have been clarified. However, as Dr. Müller is a personal friend of Chancellor Hitler, and his displacement would be an open confession of the Government's defeat, every effort was made to perpetuate his tenure of office, although in other respects the German Christians have yielded up all the positions they had won within the church. Dr. Müller himself severed his connection with their society and issued a pastoral letter forbidding church officials to hold membership in "politico-ecclesiastical" organizations. He subsequently rescinded the proposed church law which provided for discrimination against Jewish Christians. Hitler had previously ordered all Government officials to refrain from lending their support to church factions in doctrinal disputes, and served notice on the German Christians that they must fight their own battles without the help of the state. On December 8, in obedience to the Government's behest, the German Christians announced their formal dissolution as a "party," although Bishop Hossenfelder made it plain that they would continue their activity as a "movement."

Abandoning all attempts at arbitrary rule, Dr. Müller at once opened negotiations with the recusant groups within the church in a desperate effort to arrive at a working compromise which would save the face of the Nazi régime while conceding the substance of their demands to the recalcitrants. In this endeavor he has been greeted with marked coolness, and some distinguished theologians have rejected invitations to serve upon his reconstructed ecclesiastical cabinet.

What will be the outcome of the Primate's negotiations, and what in the larger sense will be the Nazis' ultimate attitude toward the question of coördinating the church, remain to be seen. Their defeat in the conflict with the Protestant Church is their first major setback. Men of their arbitrary temper are unlikely to accept it as the last word in the struggle, and their reversal of policy in November, like Hitler's pretense at conciliation in July, is to be interpreted as a change of tactics rather

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than a change in their fundamental objective, although any fresh offensive on the religious front will probably be deferred until the régime has succeeded in consolidating itself more firmly in other directions. The disappearance of President von Hindenburg's restraining hand—an event which can not be long delayed in view of his advanced age—may possibly provide the opportunity for a renewal of the onslaught. It is an open secret that Hitler's ideas on the coördination of the religious activities of the people envisaged the establishment of a national German Christian Church which should include within a single fold not only the Protestant Church but the Roman Catholic Church as well. It is obvious that such a consummation could be attained only at the cost of a struggle against both churches simultaneously, on a scale compared with which Bismarck's unsuccessful *Kulturkampf* would pale into insignificance. It is indicative of the new spirit of cooperation between the two faiths that the Protestants have enjoyed the active sympathy of the Roman Catholics in their struggle with the state. *Germania*, the leading Catholic newspaper, in an editorial that covered its front page on November 19, declared, "Belief in Christ—the thing that Protestantism and Catholicism have in common—is at stake. . . . This fight is not an internal Protestant matter. We Catholics can not afford to sit coolly or gloatingly by." These sentiments were reiterated by Cardinal Faulhaber in a sermon delivered in Munich on December 3. The delay of the Vatican in completing formal ratification of the concordat with the Reich is patent evidence of the uneasiness in the highest Catholic circles.

No one can guess what the Nazis will do next, but it is likely that in future Chancellor Hitler will make doubly sure of his ground before he again runs the risk of burning his fingers by grasping the live coals of cherished religious beliefs and traditions.

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Labor Leader

By Karl Pretshold

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, sees the main chance

John Llewellyn Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, does not occupy the *official* position as head of the American Federation of Labor so long occupied by Samuel Gompers. As the most forceful and colorful, as one of the really powerful figures in the American labor movement he might, were he so inclined, lay claim to being the *real* successor of the dynamic little man who was the first labor leader to rise to national power and prominence.

Lewis was born in Lucas, Iowa, in 1880. In that year thirty-year-old Samuel Gompers was president of New York Local 144 of the Cigarmakers International Union. During the preceding decade he had, as an active unionist, come in contact and into conflict with most of the groups, factions, sects, theorists, dreamers and revolutionists who had drifted to New York as part of the backwash of political disturbance and intellectual unrest which had swept Europe. There were Irish Fenians, German refugees, French communards, Marxian and La Sallean Socialists and the anarchists, all preaching, talking, drinking beer and making their bids for the leadership or support of labor.

By 1880 Gompers was convinced that labor must use a purely American approach to its problems. He believed the ideas and philosophies, all deeply concerned with politics and the state, which had developed in the class-constricted atmosphere of Europe did not fit an expanding, vigorous America. He was talking about and working to establish a national federation of trades unions which would replace the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. The Knights were deep in politics; Gompers had helped win shorter hours and higher pay for many cigarmakers. He was concerned with building a national organization which would achieve the same results for the workers of other crafts.

Joining with other young labor leaders of like views in 1881, he called a "national convention." The Federation of Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada was organized with Gompers as first vice-president and member of the legislative committee. For five years the new Federation languished; mainly from lack of funds. Then a "grand convention" was called and brought together a body of delegates which included the representatives of several strong unions

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which had not previously affiliated. The new and stronger alliance called itself "The American Federation of Labor" and Gompers was elected president.

Meanwhile John Lewis was growing up and living the life of an ordinary Mid-Western youngster of the period. While he attended school the young American Federation of Labor began agitation for the eight-hour day; four anarchists were hanged following the explosion of the Haymarket bomb in Chicago; striking steel workers, whose union was being smashed, fought Pinkerton detectives at "the battle of Homestead"; Coxey's "army" invaded Washington; Federal troops were used in the great Pullman and railway strike of '94 and Eugene V. Debs was jailed for violating an early labor injunction. It would seem that news of such great events did not reach the Iowa schoolboy; or, if it did, it appears not to have fired his imagination. For when he left school and set out to see the world and find his fortune he followed the habit of his time and turned his face westward, away from the turbulent industrial East.

For something like ten years Lewis wandered through the West and Southwest working in gold, copper and coal mines. It has been pointed out that Lewis was never, during his Western days, a prospector. In explanation it is suggested that he completely lacks imagination. The more likely reason for the Lewis lack of interest in the vague possibilities of prospecting is that he has a profound respect for hard facts; can reason from them. By the time he had reached the West the day when a lone gold-seeker, equipped with pan, pick and shovel loaded on a plodding burro, could hope to find a bonanza and suddenly win to wealth and power had passed. The huge industrialized mines in which he worked stood as facts in proof of that.

By 1908 Lewis had returned east and settled in the coal mine town of Panama, Illinois. He was a burly, broad-shouldered young fellow of twenty-eight whose mop of raven black hair and heavy, equally black eyebrows went well with his aggressive air and assertive ways. The background out of which Lewis emerged, Panama, was in sharp contrast to the conditions in which young Gompers had received his training. There was more in common between the Illinois "coal camp" and a Siberian mining village than between Panama and the stirring, vivid New York of the Gilded Age.

In such mining towns there was but one road opening toward success and that road began with power in the local unit of the miners' union. "The union" dominated in town politics; its political influence was often courted in wider fields. Through the local's connection with sub-district, district and international union headquarters and conventions, it brought contact with the world which lay "down the tracks."

There were more good jobs to be had through the union than could possibly open in the mines. A competent, industrious miner who "made good" in the eyes of the company might hope for a foremanship. But to win even that he must be lucky enough to survive the hazards of his work and put himself apart from the easy good fellowship and social life of the other miners. Even in the sub-district and district union organizations there were better paying, easier, pleasanter jobs to be won than any mine foremanship. The career of John Mitchell, who quit the presidency

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of the United Mine Workers in 1908, could not have escaped the notice of an ambitious young man. Mitchell had risen from a lonely, poverty-pinched boyhood in another Illinois mine camp to national prominence, the friendship of President Theodore Roosevelt and the respect of the nation.

In an established and functioning labor union (one that has won "job control") the bright young man who would rise begins by fighting, instead of pleasing, the men at the top. If the "rebel" catches and rides a real wave of discontent he is swept into office. At least he can, by going into opposition, call attention to himself and his abilities and force "the administration" to give him "a place at the pie counter" as the price of peace.

Lewis first asserted his claims to leadership by battling Duncan MacDonald, a Socialist who had long been a power in the Illinois district of the union. His choice of opponents gave him an opportunity to improve on the usual technique—he was able at once to oppose and support an administration. When he won over MacDonald he brought himself to the attention of John P. White, international president of the Miners' Union, and Samuel Gompers. Both men were eager to welcome a youthful recruit who had proven his ability by downing a leader of the always annoyingly critical Socialist group within the labor movement.

With Gompers (by then an aging and cynical veteran) and White as sponsors, the rise of Lewis was speedy. From 1909 to 1911 he acted as legislative agent (i.e., lobbyist) for the United Mine Workers and then Gompers made him an organizer for the American Federation of Labor. That job he left upon his elevation to the vice-presidency of his own union. He became acting president of the miners' organization when White left the union in 1919.

In banging his way upward Lewis never depended on the power of affection nor did he appeal to the sentiment, imagination or idealism of his followers. The pioneers whose work and sacrifice laid the foundations of the union had been compelled to set their fellows dreaming of what might be. They could only build on faith and unquestioning trust in the few unselfish leaders. There were no spoils of office or positions of honor to be given the faithful.

When Lewis began his rise back in Panama, Illinois, many labor leaders, particularly in the building trades, had already allied themselves with the political machines and machine politicians of the industrial cities and then introduced into labor union management the strategy and methods of political "bossism." The derby-hatted, cigar-chewing, hard-boiled "walking delegate" and "labor boss" had become familiar types in American life. The methods of the "labor boss" were the methods of Lewis. He early learned the value of keeping a careful watch over the interests of "his" men as those interests came into conflict with the interests of the local mining company. He saw to it that the company observed the terms of its contract with the union. Thus he won support for himself, if not devotion.

Each step in his rise was accompanied by an extension of his machine and an addition to the number of his enemies. Those enemies charge that the first concern of Lewis is not the welfare of the coal-diggers but the interests of the members of the Lewis machine. Each assault against his rule has forced Lewis

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further to tighten his grip on the machine he built. Like many a successful labor leader who began as an insurgent, his final test in all things is political regularity and "loyalty" to "the administration."

Men who have fought him for years, and grown to know him as only enemies can know each other, still wonder if he enjoys the battles which have been an ever present part of his career. They doubt it. They wonder if he understands, even faintly, their motives and their points of view. Gompers, with his free, robust enjoyment of life, loved a fight. He even enjoyed the hatreds he bore—whether for Socialist or employer opponents. He had little patience with, but he did try to understand those he fought.

When "left wingers" called Gompers "Old Sam" they seemed to pay grudging tribute to his gusto. When his foes call Lewis "John L." they intend an affront to his dignity; they level an accusation of pomposity. That Lewis dignity, which is worn on all occasions, certainly betrays the man's lack of humor.

More important than lack of humor is the absence from the intellectual make-up of Lewis of any "philosophy" as that word is understood among laborites. To capitalism and its works he gives an unquestioning acceptance. He has declared his agreement with the proposition that "the ultimate prosperity of all is best assured by the utmost endeavor of each to better his own condition." He sees trades unionism as "an integral part of the existing system of industry" since it is "quite similar to the corporation. One is essentially a pooling of labor for purposes of common action in production and sales. The other is a pooling of capital for exactly the same purposes."

In thus scorning what unionists are fond of calling "theory" he seems to be following the path marked out by Gompers. But he is not.

Against the philosophic blandishments of his Socialist opponents and their attempts to make the unions a tail to their political kite "Old Sam" preached the doctrine of "trades unionism pure and simple." Gompers, a shrewd opportunist gifted with a swift cunning, had a deep contempt for "theorists" and "philosophites." But his mind *had* rubbed against various doctrines of social development.

It is true that under his intellectual dictatorship a "philosophy of no philosophy" gradually became, as J. B. S. Hardman has pointed out, "the statement of faith, the accepted *philosophy* of American labor." There was, however, behind this, so far as the mind of Gompers was concerned, a sense of history, an understanding that social systems are less eternal than the stars. Socialists who delight in toying with ideas which seem to verge on the profound suspected, and still suspect, that in the secret places of his heart Gompers was really an anarchist.

Lewis and other lesser men, at times with the connivance of Gompers, were able to take the "no philosophy" tradition and make it a weapon useful in defending their entrenched positions. When opponents became critical and ventured to speak of "labor bosses" the "pure-and-simplers" could laugh them to scorn as "philosophers" and "theorists" or denounce them as disruptionists and seditionists.

WHEN Lewis assumed the presidency in 1919 he faced a tough situation. A sense of humor might have served to ease the blows which fell upon

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him from both right and left. An economic philosophy which embraced the concept of development and change might have aided in molding union policy, served as a guide to action. Wartime machinery for handling and settling labor disputes was being scrapped. The public, even before its desire had won the happy Harding label, was intent upon a "return to normalcy" and freedom from worry about the underdog. On the other hand industrial unrest was reaching "an intensity and scope far beyond all previous manifestations." Thousands of organized miners were staging their first "armed march" into the non-union coal fields of Mingo and Logan Counties, West Virginia.

Lewis was caught between two pressures. He had served on War boards and been given "public" recognition. He conceived of the union as having a duty toward the "public" with whose representatives he had worked. In the coal fields the "men from the picks" were giving eager attention to "the Reds." The grievance-angered rank and file, grown "cocky" by reason of Wartime gains in membership, were demanding action from union leaders.

In those days conservatives saw him as no whit different from "the Bolsheviks" and the "agents of Moscow" who were denouncing him. When at the end of October, 1919, after their strike had been denounced as "unjustified and unlawful" by President Wilson, some 400,000 miners "downed tools," the very worst said of him seemed, to the public, to be all too true. The miners' demands were for a sixty per cent wage boost, the six-hour day, the five-day week.

A Federal injunction tying up union funds and forbidding union officers and "all others" from doing anything in any way connected with the strike was issued. Later the judge who had granted the writ ordered the strike call canceled. After a meeting of the union executive board Lewis ordered the men back to work declaring: "We can not fight the Government." That declaration helped to rehabilitate him with the public; further damned him with the "Reds."

But tens of thousands of miners disagreed with the "We can not fight" policy, continued on strike till the union obtained a settlement in mid-December. A twenty-seven per cent wage advance, in place of the sixty per cent demanded, enabled Lewis to claim a victory for his administration.

Since the War, which means under the leadership of Lewis, the United Mine Workers has confronted the problem of averting collapse in a collapsing industry. Soft coal mining has always been plagued by overexpansion. And it is from the bituminous fields that the U. M. W. of A. has drawn its greatest strength. Stimulation of mining during the War aggravated overdevelopment. There have been large shifts from coal to oil, water power and natural gas as sources of power. Increased efficiency in the use of coal has hit mining hard blows.

Lewis has declared, with evident pride, that he could offer no "short cut, easy way or magic formula" as a cure for the ills of the industry. In 1925 he saw no "other remedy except the free play of the same economic laws which brought the coal industry into being." Lewis held that "in insisting on the maintenance of an American wage standard in the coal fields the United Mine Workers is doing its part, probably more than its part, to force a reorganization of the basic industry of the country upon scientific and efficient

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lines. The maintenance of these rates will accelerate the operation of natural economic laws, which will in time eliminate uneconomic mines, obsolete equipment and incompetent management." When the high wage medicine had taken effect there would be fewer mines and fewer miners but a higher and more secure standard of living for those who remained.

Within the union the radicals urged the nationalization of mines as the only sure cure for the ills of the industry. Despite opposition from Lewis the 1919 convention endorsed the nationalization policy. For several years the radicals kept the "nationalize the mines" issue alive in the organization. They also pushed demands for the six-hour day and the five-day week in mining. John Brophy, rival and critic of Lewis, charges that Lewis sabotaged efforts to carry out convention mandates for the radicals' programme.

In negotiations with the operators Lewis stuck close to the wage issue. Bargaining on wages is the business of a union. High wage scales indicate success on the part of the leaders. In most cases it is not easy to trace part time employment—which even in the face of high wages may mean low actual earnings—to wages as a cause. Failure in wage parleys is evident even to the most stupid; failure of union leaders to adopt a policy consistent with prosperity for an industry arouses few members. Those aroused are likely to have insight and vision; fellows who can be handled with a few sneers against "philosophites" or "visionaries and utopians."

LEWIS has shown his political mastery within the union by openly flaunting policies endorsed by the membership, enforcing his will on unruly conventions, putting down revolts, whipping rival factions, discrediting opponents and then repeatedly winning reëlection. But while Lewis ruled and dominated the United Mine Workers, the United Mine Workers did not dominate or rule coal.

In 1922, at the height of the post-War "open shop" drive, the coal operators demanded that the miners take a wage cut. They refused and struck.

To make their resistance effective the union needed the help of the non-union miners of the Western Pennsylvania coke region and the Somerset field. Organizers were sent into those regions and "brought out" some 100,000 men who joined the union. When the non-union workers "joined up" two issues were involved in the strike. The operators who had had contracts with the union refused to meet the union *in conference* until the union agreed to discuss a wage cut.

The employers of the hitherto non-union men refused to concede the right of the men to *join the union*. It seemed that the strike was being waged on the issue of wages and union recognition. When the union operators agreed to meet with Lewis the national strike was automatically called off. But the men of Somerset and the coke region had not won *their* aims; and they were forced to "remain out."

The union maintained its wage scale but its triumph had been paid for by the Somerset and coke region men. After months of hardship they were forced to return to work, defeated.

After the 1922 strike President Harding appointed the United States Coal Commission. While the Commission delved into "the unbelievable complexity" of coal, Lewis and the union remained comparatively indifferent to the

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possible uses to which such a body might be put in helping the union and the industry to meet its problems.

After a five months' strike the famous "Jacksonville agreement" was signed in 1924. The then Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, and Secretary of Labor Davis were said to have aided in achieving the settlement. The agreement was to run for three years and provided wage rates of $7.50 for "company men" and $1.08 a ton for "tonnage men."

The interest taken in the Jacksonville settlement by Secretaries Hoover and Davis was looked upon as a semi-official endorsement of the scheme whereby high cost, uneconomic mines were to be "forced out" by use of the high wage scale club. When it was adopted the Jacksonville scale was seen as *the* major victory of the union under Lewis. The victory proved to be purely technical.

The coal fields south of the Ohio River were non-union. Operators in those regions, not being burdened by the Jacksonville scale, proceeded to gobble up the national market while mines in the organized districts were shut down. Union operators were finally forced to repudiate the Jacksonville agreement, and go non-union.

John Brophy, Lewis foe, did not exaggerate when he declared: "The three years of the Jacksonville scale were three years of war in the so-called union fields. Prolonged shut-downs, contract repudiations, local and lost strikes and a rapidly shrinking membership took their toll of the union. Two hundred thousand members were lost in the bituminous areas in those three years. District after district was surrendered to the open shop movement."

When the Jacksonville agreement expired Illinois was the only solidly unionized field. In 1920 the union had had 385,724 soft coal miner members; in 1929 that number had fallen to 69,325, of whom 40,893 were in Illinois. Out of 328,713 working bituminous miners in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky the union had, membership reports showed, 2,527 members.

Just after adoption of the Jacksonville scale Lewis said he found it "difficult to conceive" how control of the coal industry "through political agencies could function" without hampering such lines of business as depended on coal for power. Yet in 1928, after the strength of the union had waned, he was urging Congress to set up a coal commission with power to sanction mine mergers or coal-selling pools provided the affected concerns dealt with their workers collectively. The membership and influence of the union in the anthracite field was sufficient to get Congressional consideration for the plan but not sufficient to drive the bill which embodied it to passage.

Meanwhile what remained of the United Mine Workers in the bituminous fields was wasting away. Renewed factional strife had been carried to the courts; shifted to claims that the U. M. W. of A. was dead and, minus Lewis, had been reorganized; then quieted to an armed truce between Illinois and international officials. It flared again in the organization of the Progressive Miners Union and bloody conflict between that group and the "regulars."

THEN came Roosevelt with a "New Deal" in which labor was to have a definite place. In return for legal recognition of collective bargaining the unions were made partners in the drive toward recovery. (In actual practice

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that has meant the labor leaders.) Lewis startled his old foes. He seized the opportunity given by Section 7a of the National Recovery Act and overnight won back his national prominence. "Bill" Green, the colorless Baptist deacon who had been made president of the American Federation of Labor, watched in timid bewilderment while "John" held the spotlight.

The U. M. W. of A. retained its anthracite field strength. Dues from that section had furnished a financial backlog on which the union's international office and organizing personnel had been maintained. While General Johnson was preparing to get busy, organizers of the United Mine Workers, under the direction of Lewis, were at work in the soft coal fields "signing up the boys." In scores of coal camps "old timers" were again preaching the gospel of unionism.

Lewis once more spoke on behalf of the men of what he calls "America's basic industry." Coal operators who objected to union recognition under governmental compulsion had reason to recall that Lewis has been described as "three hundred pounds of magnificent ruthlessness." He was so dramatic, so forceful and resourceful that few persons noticed the irony of the situation. As a staunch Republican Lewis had long cherished the ambition to be Secretary of Labor. Now, under a Democratic President, who represents so many things which are foreign to the Lewis nature, the miners' leader was "staging a come-back." He worked with such persons as Sidney Hillman, Socialist-trained, brainy, far-visioned head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and Dr. Leo Wolman, a mere "outsider" whose labor reputation reeks with the stench of "theory" and research.

But conformity has always been a marked characteristic of Lewis. "Old Sam" with his suspicion of the state and any gifts it might bear would have looked with grave misgiving on the NRA and all it implies. He would have remembered how easily the unions lost the members they gained when, during the War, the Government had encouraged labor in connection with another "great national effort." He would have fallen into line, but only after many a growl and grumble. Not so Lewis. Seeing an opportunity he grasped it.

The opportunity has been one particularly fitted to the abilities of men of the Lewis type. For those labor leaders who lack a "philosophy" and refuse to embrace any social doctrine around which to mold their policies and against which to measure programmes —who deny labor any "mission" other than to "fit in"—the new view of labor's rôle requires little mental adjustment. Under the latest dispensation, the old type of "rabble-rousing" leader, the sort of person who can "talk to the stiffs" and direct strikes, becomes of less importance than the veterans who have experience in the business of political and economic negotiation, who "realize labor's responsibility to the public" and are willing to "adjust matters." Under Lewis the miners' hard-drinking, hard-fisted "organizers" had long been mere field men and lieutenants charged with the job of carrying out his orders.

Years of bargaining with mine operators in conference and contact with legislative and administrative officials trained Lewis for the immediate tasks he faced. Without doubt he knew more about getting along with "the Government" than did most of the coal operators with whom he dealt; more about the coal industry and the oper-

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ators than did the officialdom of the National Recovery Administration.

But neither the "Brain Trust" with its view of organized labor as a social force nor the friendly protection of Section 7a are likely to last forever. What of the future?

Since the union still faces the task of getting itself firmly fixed and fully accepted as part of the industry, there is comparative peace within the miners' organization. The Lewis administration still dominates. But hundreds of the men who have recently joined or rejoined did so in spite of Lewis. The men of the Pennsylvania coke region whose recent strike for the right to join the United Mine Workers won so much attention still remember what they call "the betrayal" of 1922. Illinois harbors a radical "dual union" (the Progressive Miners) which has a strong following among the men who work the smaller, non-mechanized mines. Organizers for the Communist-controlled National Miners Union are busy in every field. Using novel tactics, it recently led a successful strike in the small Gallup, New Mexico, field; it may get the chance to show whether it can represent the miners "on the job" as well as in direct conflicts.

Lewis will continue as the sane and sensible labor leader. He will hold a double pose. In one aspect he will stand between the public and the operators, protecting the former from the greed of the latter; ever ready to be guardian of the national fuel supply. In his other aspect he will stand between the operators and the threat of red revolution, strife and discord; he will be their protector against the Communists and the radicals.

But perhaps the operators will prefer to deal with no union, as they did after the War, rather than choose between radical and conservative organizations. Perhaps the public will again, after a long siege of faith in socially minded leaders, lose interest in the "forgotten man."

Meanwhile "labor bosses" are likely to face a wholly new sort of accounting. Workers have been given the right to put their case in the hands of "representatives of their own choosing." Unions have had social responsibility thrust upon them. What attitude will be taken by those who have given those rights and responsibilities when it becomes apparent that some "labor bosses" are maintaining themselves in power against the will of the rank and file? Can the same people who have insisted on the democratic right of labor to organize tolerate undemocratic control of labor organizations?

Old foes of Lewis are wondering, the "radicals" are preparing to renew their struggle against his rule, many a local leader who has felt the weight of Lewis's displeasure or been antagonized by his methods is waiting a chance to "take a sock at John L." The intellectuals whom he despises have little patience with the "boss," the autocrat. They aided his "come-back"—indirectly. Perhaps they will be called upon to aid, more directly aid, his exit.

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Modern Woman's Defenses Against Living

ALVAN L. BARACH

A physician describes the various forms in which modern woman's protest against feminism appears, and pleads for a new "womanism" to replace it

WHEN woman set out to pursue her rights to vote, to work at a job and to make love, a champagne bottle was enthusiastically broken over the prow of her mental evolution. She was no longer content to wait around to be a wife. When she was married, she was not satisfied by the activities of a housewife. Even the joy of motherhood could no longer contain all her ambitions. The dignity and the responsibility of bringing up children had lost its prestige and frequently, almost as a sequence, its interest. There were new worlds to conquer, or at least, to explore. The notion of expanding her latent individuality was peculiarly thrilling. On all sides she heard that she was not inferior to man, simply repressed because of lack of opportunity.

With this vision of what woman might do, she daringly stepped out of the skirt of "a woman's honor is concerned with one thing, whereas a man's honor is concerned with everything else except that one thing." She too would become a unique individual. She too would obtain discerning applause because of the mental children that until now men had kept for themselves. She grasped at the opportunity to transcend the purely physical creative pattern, and reached out for spiritual creation as well.

What has happened, now that we have been able to watch her handling of her new situation? Many outward changes are evident. Women go to the polls, they write books, they sell merchandise, they have educated themselves. Many of them have extended the boundaries of their sex life so that they rival at times their adventuring male companions. They have circumvented the risk of motherhood by birth control apparatus and are now able to make love without fear of great sacrifices. On the surface, the feminist might point to considerable progress. An outward criticism could be met by saying that they are still young at this new business of freedom.

But what about their state of mind and heart? Should they not feel happier and more fulfilled by what they have so far achieved? What has occurred to mar the shining new world that they looked forward to so eagerly? Why

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is it that wistfulness, frustration and "nerves" have stained the countenances of so many who now have what they desired? Why are fortune tellers, astrologists and neurologists so necessary to the life of women whose privileges are no longer challenged?

Woman was not whole-heartedly prepared for the rights she sought, either to vote, to get a job, or to love. This was evident at the start because she embraced these new ways of spending her time *after the fashion of the male*. She picked out things to do which were male things, she sought to do them in the masculine way, and then she called it the Feminist Movement. No wonder the stuff within her rejected it. No wonder the intrinsic sources of womanliness within her would not yield to a masculine programme, just because some women—more male than female—attempted to put it over by calling it feminism. The deepest fabric of her nature finally rebelled, secretly yet stubbornly, and refused to participate in the privileges she outwardly accepted.

Her protest, however, took the form of defenses against many other ways of living. She had to build a new cloister for herself wherein she wandered even in the presence of the most flagrant outer liberty. Although the nervous woman of today is generally one whose essential womanliness has refused an easy and ignoble adaptation to a code that did not have the imagination to understand her profoundest needs, her protest has been at a great cost to herself. Her protest has outwitted her of her rightful heritages of living. And it has come from a realm of the unconscious over which she has no control, with the result that her defenses against living have effectively cheated her without her knowing.

Had she yielded full-heartedly to the new rights of woman as they were announced to her, a greater self-defeat might have been in store for her. To adapt oneself to a code of belief and practice that is in violent discord with the fundamental strains within is to promote a more explosive personal disaster. The defenses against living which the nervous woman has produced are protests which are valuable to society, because they have pointed out in a conclusive way the barrenness of some of our current formulæ of living. The people with "nerves" are not generally the dullards in the march of civilization, in spite of the contempt which the obtusely hardy visit upon them; they are often in the van; they smell a rat in the new fodder that others accept unhesitatingly. The danger to themselves of their protest is our concern.

Let us consider for a moment what are defenses against living. They are mechanisms which prevent the use of our natural inclinations, toward love, ambition, self-betterment, in order to accomplish a hidden purpose which has become all-important to the individual. A simple expression of it can be seen in the case of a girl who develops headaches that stop her from having to go to parties where she may suffer from neglect. To avoid the hurt to her pride, which has become all-important to her, an unconscious part of her personality erects a disease handicap which prevents further humiliation. The new device, however, keeps her from other activities that she could enjoy, and—if it develops progressively—from most of life's offerings.

When a woman consults a new physician with a complaint for which she has sought relief in vain for five years, she

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presents a picture that is decidedly different from the expression of mingled wonderment and trust with which she may have first disclosed her symptoms to the family doctor. The patient I have in mind measures me with a practised eye. She would be a tall woman of forty-four, graceful and attractive, with a long, narrow head that makes a vertical line with an unbending back. She tells her medical history simply and intelligently, without appeal to my sympathies, but with the documents of her previous examinations at my disposal. The abdominal symptoms from which she suffers are not characteristic of any special disease, and in the course of a week we face each other again to contemplate the negative results of another work-up.

I suggest that there might be disturbance in the more personal side of her life, which was mirroring itself in physical symptoms referred to the abdomen, stating simply that conversion of pains in the mind and heart to the physical structure of the body is by no means infrequent. She consents to this new type of investigation, and in the course of time tells the following story.

She is the eldest of two daughters of an upper middle class family. She has had a superficially uneventful childhood, and enjoyed herself at school and college. The movement of women toward independence and jobs had early appealed to her, and after she graduated from college she went into business. She now has an important and highly remunerative secretarial position in which she is much interested.

The memories of her twenties contain vivid experiences of men and parties, which she enjoyed without much feeling of responsibility for the future. She was economically independent, and found herself unwilling to settle down to marriage with any of the available men. When she was thirty-four, just ten years ago, she began a relationship with a man who meant more to her than had any of the others. He was the same age as she was, and they spent their life together most of the time, except that they occupied separate apartments. He worked in a truck division of a large automobile concern, but made much less money than she did.

One day, after their intimacy had lasted three years, he came to her with the news that he was to be sent to South America on development business for his company. He might be gone a year or more. The thought of his leaving her tore at something inside her chest, but there seemed nothing to do about it. They had not found it necessary to marry before now, when their combined salaries would have been more than ample for them: how could they consider marriage now, living together on his income which was even less than her own? It would obviously have lowered the scale of living for both of them. The subject of her leaving with him never came up. She saw him off at the boat and waved her handkerchief until he was a small unrecognizable figure. Then she returned to her rooms and surveyed the apartment she loved so much, the independence which her job gave her, but she could not still the ridiculous aching sensation she had in her heart.

When six months had passed, it was evident that he was not to return. By mutual consent they looked bravely for new companionship. Her new ventures were more brief than she liked. She began to learn what it was to wait for a call from a man who had apparently loved her. She did not now suffer from pangs of love due to arbitrary separa-

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tion, but from the humiliation of perceiving that a man who made her part of his life one week might have other plans the next week. She told herself that men and women had equal liberties, and proved it to herself by summarily stopping an affair that she had begun, even before she had lost interest. She went out frequently, to parties, speak-easies, and on other adventures in which she attempted to use her wisdom in the presence of desire. Life was a pretty exciting game until she was thirty-nine, when disturbances in her abdomen began.

The various medical procedures which she tried helped her not at all. As time went on, she was forced to strict diets, to give up alcohol, and to take more rest. She was compelled to renounce most of the things which she enjoyed doing. Parties, speak-easies and the adventures of the past became more and more difficult for her, because her "colitis" symptoms became a progressive interference. During the past year, she had taken an older woman to share her apartment.

Although she still believed that the rights of women should be equal to man's, to vote, to work and to make love, a deeper element in her nature had rebelled. She gallantly carried the flag of feminism, and made no complaints about what it had brought her, but a higher integrity of femaleness had suffered a severe defeat and was now protesting against the life which had caused it. She did not recognize an inner woman who required feeling more than sensation, devotion more than conquest, children more than a job, the protection of family life more than her independence. The part of her that was profoundly unfulfilled finally refused to allow her a life of bright sensations, of parties, speak-easies and new mates. She developed disturbances in her abdomen that kept her at home, symbols of the more deep-seated disturbances of which she was not aware.

The old walls of precedent and convention did not keep her imprisoned in her room with a woman companion. She was not held there by the headachy fear of being unsought. But an unconscious female purpose protested against the "stuff" it was being served. "Colitis" was the protest which defended her against her life.

The pathos of the situation was that this unconscious protest was a protest against other living as well. She lost her ability to be with her friends, to do her job successfully, to hunt for a man who would complete her life, to contribute joy to the world about her.

The nervous protest does not inform her that she can not express herself by following the lines of masculine tradition. The self-erected barrier is fashioned in a primitive unconscious; it ushers in a self-defeat of the total personality; it is a wholesale imprisoning, cruel and extensive; and they are difficult to get out of, these new walls of her own devising.

WHAT about the woman who already has a husband and three children? Let us say that she too is forty-four years old, that she has been suffering for five years from complaints that have resisted medical efforts. She has headaches, and she is tired. (We might say that she had indigestion, fainting spells, or palpitation of the heart; the form of the protest is of little interest in comparison with the fact that a protest has been uttered.)

She is the youngest of three children in a wealthy family. Her childhood is

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happy, she goes to boarding school, comes home, and a few years after marries a successful business man. In the next five years, three children come along, who are adequately superintended by nurses and governesses. Four years after the birth of the last child, she becomes a partner in an interior decorating establishment. She is now thirty-one years old. The business pays for itself without a salary to her or to her partner. She goes there every day, usually arriving at ten-thirty, unless she has been up very late the night before, lunches from one to two-thirty or three, and leaves between five and six for home or a cocktail party.

Six years pass. Her business lunches with men and women have extended to social lunches with men and women. She not infrequently goes to a speak-easy with a man in the late afternoon. When her husband is out of town, or at a business meeting, she finds something for herself to do, with a man or a woman, or at a party. She does not step outside the conventions of her group. To the men who make love to her she permits only superficial intimacies. Nevertheless, she looks forward to these intimacies.

One evening when she is dining with a man, when her husband is supposed to be out of town for the day, she learns that he has been seen at a speak-easy with a mutual woman friend. When he returns late that night, she waits for an explanation, but none is offered. During the following day, she pieces together her own information about him and the woman in question. She decides that they are having an affair, and talks the matter over with a friend who finally tells her enough to confirm her own suspicions.

When she confronts her husband with her knowledge, he denies everything except that he has seen the woman more frequently than he had told her. He had deceived her because he did not want to worry her needlessly. They go on together, but with a difference. She has not believed him, and makes her doubt of him a justification not only of what she has done in the past, but of more extensive liberties. Outwardly their life is not much changed. They go out frequently to parties and have people to their own house. They spend their evenings together except when he has business appointments. He lets her know of these in advance so that she can make her own plans.

During the two years that follow their talk, she has two lovers. Her experiences are exciting but worrisome. Her symptoms begin at this time, first headache and then fatigue. As the years go on, she finds it less and less possible to continue her former life. Frequently she has to remain at home when she would like to go out. She goes to a hospital for three weeks' investigation, but the programme that is recommended to her on discharge does not help her. She gives fewer parties herself, and goes out less often. Nevertheless, she keeps on, to a degree.

At first her husband is sympathetic and frequently stays in with her. Later, he goes out by himself, and she has a nurse come in to give her a massage before bedtime. Frequently, the nurse comes in early and spends the evening with her. She develops fears of being alone. Her condition slowly progresses. Although she still has some social life, and still attempts to take a part in her business, the time spent at home ill steadily increases. Her illness dominates the household. When she does go out,

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she has to come home early, or she will be too tired the next day. During the first three years of her illness, she has two additional affairs, both exciting in prospect, but disappointing to her. In the last two years, she sees few men alone. It is too much effort for her to go out. Finally she goes to a sanatorium to take a rest cure. She is there for six weeks and feels much better. After she has been home two weeks, her symptoms gradually return, and are worse than ever.

We have said that this is a sample case history. Many women stop at various stages in the story which has been unfolded. It is no one woman's story, but it is, with variations, the story of many.

What has happened under the surface to take away the satisfaction of being a wife and mother from this woman? Why has it been necessary for her to devise an illness against a further encounter with life? What pain and distress was it that she suffered from that made a conversion into the symptoms of physical illness more bearable?

It is apparent that this woman is an example of a type to whom the joys of being a wife and mother had ceased to bring sufficient satisfaction. She felt the urge to go into business. After she had a job, she found it easy to adapt herself to a group that found lunching with a man other than one's husband justifiable, or having a late afternoon cocktail at a speak-easy. On the evenings in which her husband worked, she felt it her right to go out to do as she wished. She often went to parties, and a man took her home, or she went out alone with one of their circle.

Her first business lunches with men contained in them the same sensations she experienced in her contacts with men before marriage. She compared them with her husband's business lunches, without being aware of the critical difference between them, that the overtones of erotic propaganda that characterized her business conversations were entirely absent from his. But her husband recognized it, although he was powerless to inform her of it. Her code admitted her to all the contacts with men that might be important to her business, painters, architects, dealers, men interested in doing over their houses, in fact, everybody. These contacts might be important for her business; despite the fact that the men frequently made advances to her, she still preferred to see them at lunch rather than at her office. Her husband reacted by beginning to have engagements with women himself in order to obtain similar satisfactions to those which he knew she was experiencing. Her independence had not been calculated to preserve his protective attitude toward her. Although he was not able to make an overt protest against the life she led, which had local tradition to support it, he responded none the less with a diminishing concern for her. He began to obtain more pleasure in the events that took place in the world outside his home. Their inner life together slowly but steadily evaporated. At the most, kindness took the place of love. He gave her the liberty of action that she desired and insidiously increased, but he reserved additional liberty for himself.

He did not get nervous or ill. He had on his side a long experience with the male pursuits of conquest and abandonment, and he had the ruthlessness to wage his affairs skillfully. But she had no such ability to deal with being

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overcome and abandoned, which these new liberties mainly afforded her. Her pride was hurt by the kind of episodic love experience that, if anything, ministered to his. Finally, the feeling between them became too little to fulfill her actual requirements. The fugitive sensational encounters by which she had been momentarily excited were now of no help. The fundamental woman was being cheated of more real needs than those which feminism sought to supply, and it protested. The protest came from her unconscious personality as an illness which prevented her from going on with the life she was leading.

Here too was a woman who was permitted a freedom of activity unrestrained by convention and precedent. What she did with her unaccustomed liberties was to erect new barriers within herself to take the place of the old. When she no longer had any oversight of her conduct, as if to mock at her former demands, she prepared defenses against all living, of such strength and deviousness as to place her in a serious predicament. The situation she found herself in was far more serious than that from which she had tried to escape. It is easier to rescue some one from a visible prison than to aid those who without knowing have imprisoned themselves.

The protest takes the form of so-called functional disorders, symptoms without a clear-cut organic cause, with a wide range from anxiety and headaches to imitations of gall-bladder disease, syndromes such as appendicitis, or asthma. It is important to realize that no matter how consciously disturbing and even dangerous the symptoms may become, the protest has a purpose. In the case we have cited, it defended her against practices which defeated a profound part of her. She was disciplining herself, although with primitive brutality. Her method was a wholesale prohibition against men, women, friends, work, love. She was now occupied with her illness, a cunningly wrought device of her own, capable of diverting her heart and mind from the failure of her life. She finally became a woman who conformed to the strictest Victorian standards, but not until she had almost destroyed all vestige of the love and protection she needed.

These stories are samples of the lives of women who have embraced the new code. They have been carried to a somewhat extreme point, but milder examples of this predicament are daily occurrences for those who have the opportunity to observe them.

There are many ways to view the problem that a woman of this type presents. Depending upon the professional activity of the one who is inspecting the situation, the problem may be envisaged as an offense against morals or religion, disposed of as an inferiority complex, or considered as a result of a faulty sex life. One might say that her illness was a method of dominating her environment, of satisfying an urgent craving for superiority sensations, attention and power, which her job and her new freedom did not furnish. Or, following another lead, that her failure to secure the satisfactions of love resulted in repression of sexuality which took the form of release provided by nervous symptoms.

These explanations do not encompass the entire truth of the situation. Women in struggling to free themselves from the limitations of an over-strict tradition have, by their use of the rights of feminism, created an unforeseen menace for themselves. While this new set of beliefs ministers superficially to woman's

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prestige, they are often partly responsible for her failure to live up to the full potentialities of her character, and in some instances have actually fostered a self-defeat that was profoundly inimical to her happiness and dangerous to her health.

There is at present a golden opportunity for women to develop themselves, to participate more extensively in the experiences of love and work, to know the satisfactions of creativity and power. When her present attempts to advance herself are subordinated to a more truly feminine enterprise of securing and maintaining a feeling of relatedness with her husband and children, she may work and play at these new games without undue risk to herself. The point involved is not whether a woman should or should not dine with a man other than her husband. Advice on conduct is not intended in this discussion. There are women who indulge their modern privileges with benefit to themselves and their husbands, women to whom the presence of this opportunity has become necessary to avoid difficulties that would otherwise lead to a serious personal frustration. There are others for whom the exercise of the same rights ends by their losing more than they gained. The cases were recited to illustrate an aspect of feminism that forgot the greater opportunities of a primary fundamental preoccupation, that of submission to love of husband and family. Our suggestion is a new *womanism*, not a superficial warning against a mode of conduct. One can not expect human behavior to be modified except as a result of an inner change of personality, an alteration that is dependent upon a previous change in point of view. A search for a more fulfilling womanism, which might include the real advantages women have achieved, must be a vital concern for those sensitive to the actual betterment of women.

When one perceives that women influenced by the feminine ideal have staked their security and their self-esteem on the possession of these new rights rather than on their position as wife and mother, the danger of this change is soon evident, for their independence makes the protective attitude of the men they love superfluous. Since the love of the male is inextricably welded to his feeling of protection, she may lose more than she gains by showing him that she can do without him. Her economic security and her social freedom are novel advantages, but they contain the hazard that man's emotional concern for her may diminish and this emotional concern happens to be a more indispensable need. Her excitement in spending time without him may be answered by a more effective demonstration of the same thing on his part than she is capable of.

Her handicap in the pursuit of this doctrine of equal rights is her traditional superiority—her greater capacity for love and tenderness, which, although she may learn to belittle it, can not be obliterated without functional disorders such as we have described. The unconscious female is still stronger than the theories of a feminism that unreservedly apes masculine activities, and, if its demands are not satisfied, engineers a protest that not only prevents a life of surface liberties, but all life.

When the desire for the prestige of accomplishment takes a prior place in a woman's life to her instinctive tendencies for submission to her love for husband and children, she has introduced herself to a new need for applause. The intensity of her wish to gain applause,

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copied from the male, dampens her existence with the feeling of inferiority upon which the notion of applause is fundamentally based. Unless she develops an insight into which are her major and which her minor occupations, her emulation of man's pursuits may rob her of her traditional contact with reality, her peace of mind, and her happiness.

The unhappy account of themselves which women of today so frequently give warrants us in questioning the whole fabric of a feminism that is an imitation of male activities. This does not mean that woman's attempts to develop herself should be curtailed, but that her development should not be handicapped by a gospel that gives precedence to a set of rights that may obscure her more important functions. Without the recognition that femaleness has a native obligation toward submission to love, to husband, children and family, the significance of women becomes reduced to their capacity to give pleasure.

Heresy

By Frances Minturn

Each wave walks with a different foot;
Across the sands
I watched them go with purple in their hair,
And silver in their hands.

Sedate as worshippers they went;
Then came one more,
Wild faced and trembling; up he rose and beat
With clenched white fist the shore.

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Design for Diplomacy

By Henry Carter

Those conservatives who are dismayed by President Roosevelt's domestic programme may at least take satisfaction in his realistically effective foreign policy

It is a scant ten months since Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House, but they have been months of momentous activity at home and abroad, the full and perhaps revolutionary import of which is not yet to be descried or appraised. Depression, unemployment, economic and financial maladjustment, on a world-wide scale, have constituted the nexus of the problems which his Administration has had to face, and it is always in the light of these that President Roosevelt's acts and utterances must be read. Controversy rages and will rage as to the merits and demerits of the New Deal, of the NRA, of the frankly experimental nature of the current farm policy, the wisdom or folly of currency management. The opinion of the country is crystallized as never before into gradations of political and economic philosophy which extend from the most conservative Tory viewpoint to that of ultra-Red direct actionism. Which way the scales will tip is not yet to be seen, and Mr. Roosevelt's bold endeavor to steer a course "a little left of the centre" has not met favor in many quarters. Yet in the welter of confusion two facts emerge which give one confidence to hope that the days of the Republic are not—not yet at least—numbered: in the field of foreign relations President Roosevelt continues to enjoy an unshaken *personal* confidence throughout the nation, regardless of criticism leveled against certain other of his policies and certain of his lieutenants; and as a result there has been a marked growth of national consciousness in the United States, a condition which in wartime would be known as patriotism, and which now might be described, perhaps euphemistically, as enlightened nationalism. American social, political and economic nationalism is the order of the day, and in building on that foundation the President has been able to find solid basis for a foreign policy which has commanded respect abroad and support at home, and one which has seldom fallen short of brilliance, whatever be the outcome of his domestic policies.

That this has been the case, that American policy is once more playing a leading and dynamic rôle in world affairs, must in the largest measure be attributed to Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary political gifts, his instinct for realities, and his almost uncanny flair for the timely act and the opportune

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word, plus his willingness and courage to venture into the unknown in the faith that the United States can take its part without fear or favor. What the final form of his foreign policy, what its fruits will be, lie beyond present-day prediction, but sufficient indications of its character have been abundantly forthcoming to mark out its general pattern, tempo and direction, and these merit consideration.

AMERICAN foreign policy has been traditionally and, in the nature of things, must be fundamentally based on three principles: non-entanglement with European affairs, the Monroe Doctrine in Latin America and the Open Door in the Far East; but all these have been variously interpreted and variously applied at different stages of our history. New circumstances have demanded new definitions and new methods of application, and this fact Mr. Roosevelt has not been slow to perceive.

It is not out of place to recall briefly the state of American foreign relations at the time Mr. Roosevelt assumed office. Aside from the economic and financial collapse of this country, as typified in the closing of the banks in March, and which led to the efforts of the special session of Congress to lay the foundations for a New Deal, our foreign relations were in thoroughly bad shape. The question of War debts embittered and warped our dealings with the dominant nations of Europe. The hope of the world was held to lie in the success of the London Economic and Financial Conference, and of the Geneva Disarmament negotiations. In Germany the rise of Hitler to power was rendering futile our well meant but ineffectual efforts to obtain some degree of world disarmament and seemed to threaten the peace of Europe. Beyond Europe lay Russia, unrecognized, semi-hostile, potentially dangerous, unknown. In the Far East Japan pursued a cynical course of conquest in Manchuria in the face of querulous and portentous pronouncements from the White House and from the League of Nations which served only to irritate and not to deter. To the south was a violently disturbed continent of revolution and economic unrest, where any American effort toward stabilization was met with a lively and outspoken distrust of American motives and of "Yankee imperialism" and where mention of the Monroe Doctrine was anathema. What had been thought to be our great contribution to the peace of the world, the Kellogg Treaty, was daily seen to be a tragic farce. Ominously, in the light of world unrest and political instability, the American navy stood at its lowest ebb in recent history.

Such was Mr. Roosevelt's diplomatic inheritance and it was not a light responsibility at a time when domestic disaster threatened in every quarter. It was a task, however, which could not be ignored or put aside, but had to be met as it came, and the spirit and insight with which Mr. Roosevelt attacked it may constitute his claim to fame when the NRA, the RFC, the AAA, "controlled inflation" and other domestic phenomena of today are gone and forgotten.

By the Constitution the President is vested with the conduct of foreign relations, and it is certain that this clause of the Constitution is one which Mr. Roosevelt is taking at its full and literal value, by acting in effect as his own Secretary of State, as did Cleveland, as did the earlier Roosevelt, as did Wood-

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row Wilson. From the start it was apparent from the make-up of the Roosevelt State Department that the President intended to make the vital decisions in foreign policy himself. As Secretary of State he chose Cordell Hull, Senator from Tennessee, a Democrat of the traditional school, an authority on tariffs and public finance, a man who commanded the utmost respect and regard of his Senatorial colleagues, both Democrat and Republican. Mr. Hull, conservative, a low tariff advocate, and mild internationalist, was balanced in the State Department by Professor Raymond Moley of the "Brain Trust," a ruthless exponent of economic nationalism and economic self-sufficiency for the United States. The general administration of the Department and of special problems was placed entirely in the hands of career diplomats and permanent officials: William Phillips as Under Secretary; Sumner Welles, later appointed Ambassador to Cuba and succeeded by Jefferson Caffery, in charge of Latin American relations; William Bullitt, now Ambassador to Soviet Russia, for Russian affairs; Stanley Hornbeck continued in charge of the Far Eastern Division and Herbert Feis was retained as Economic Adviser, both permanent Departmental experts; administrative matters were left to Wilbur Carr, Assistant Secretary of State for the previous nine years.

The combination was not altogether harmonious, as friction quickly and inevitably developed between Mr. Hull and Professor Moley, which finally resulted in the latter's forced retirement, although not until he had seen his ideas on economic nationalism triumph at the London Economic Conference and become a recognized and integral part of American foreign policy. His place was filled by Mr. Walton Moore, a former Congressman from Virginia and an old friend of Mr. Hull's. The conservative internationalist element was further represented by the appointment of Norman Davis, Under Secretary of State in the Wilson régime and delegate to the Geneva Arms Conference under Hoover, as Ambassador at Large in Europe and Head of the American Disarmament Delegation, and the Departmental staff was recently completed by the appointment of Francis Sayre, a son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson and professor of international law at Harvard, once legal adviser to the Siamese Government, as an Assistant Secretary of State. But for all these with their unquestioned abilities, the active control came straight from the White House.

So much for the State Department set-up. Things began happening at once after March 4 as the debtor nations of Europe rushed to present pleas for immediate War debt revision with pointed references to the Lausanne Conference of the previous year which had abolished German reparations, and to the partial defaults of the preceding December which had so alarmed Mr. Hoover. President Roosevelt riposted by inviting Ramsay MacDonald, Herriot and other leading statesmen from practically every country in the world —except Russia—to confer with him personally in Washington with a view to ensuring the success of the London Economic Conference. Success there, it was argued, through a stabilization of currencies and a general lowering of tariff barriers, might be expected so to restore prosperity through increased international trade as to relegate War debts to their proper economic perspec-

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tive. MacDonald came, Herriot came, as did the others, but they were still on the water when Mr. Roosevelt in a characteristically rapid decision cut the umbilical cord that bound our finances to Europe by going off the gold standard. The chagrin of the European nations, particularly of France, was keen and anguished, deprived as they were of their advantages in the American market and of their most effective weapon in influencing American economic and political policy. This step marked the true beginning of our policy of economic nationalism, but it was weeks before it was fully recognized as such—indeed not until Mr. Roosevelt sent the message of July 3 which broke up the Economic Conference was its significance made utterly apparent.

However, before the Conference had met, a new storm cloud appeared which threatened to destroy not only the Economic Conference and the Geneva Disarmament Conference, which was hopefully pursuing its perennial sessions, but the peace of Europe as well. This was the accession to complete power in Germany of Adolf Hitler and his Nazis, who were bellicose in their demands for revision of the Treaty of Versailles and for the immediate restoration of Germany to a status of arms equality with the rest of Europe. This threat to the hegemony of France and of her Eastern European allies stirred the gravest misgivings as to the possibility of fresh war in Europe. Upon the news that Hitler would announce his foreign policy on May 17 and in no uncertain terms, Europe turned instinctively to the United States for the word which might avert calamity. The President was prompt to seize the occasion and, through a direct and persuasive plea to the nations of the world to permit the Arms Conference and the Economic Conference to achieve their purposes in an atmosphere of peace and friendship, he gave Hitler the opportunity of moderating his tone and his demands without compelling him to lose face in Germany or in Europe.

The tension thus eased, the Arms Conference resumed its feverish, if futile, activities and attention once more centred on the Economic Conference. The Conference opened inauspiciously, from the American point of view, on June 12, with the injection into its proceedings of the expressly barred question of War debts, and three days later the general default of the debtor nations, excepting a few scattering "token" payments from Great Britain, Italy and others, created a most unfavorable impression in the United States as to the good faith of the nations participating in the Conference. This was heightened a few days later by a virtual demand on the part of France and the "gold bloc" nations that the United States stabilize its currency forthwith and return to the gold standard. This was at once rejected by the White House and Professor Moley was despatched to London to see what could be salvaged from the Conference which had hopelessly bogged down on the stabilization issue. He was met by modified requests for stabilization which were relayed to the President, at that time on a yachting cruise. But by this time the full implications of the New Deal with its domestic policies of controlled agricultural and industrial production, managed currency and economic nationalism had been fully appreciated by the President. His patience with European politicians was at an end, and his brusque and sharply worded message to the Conference on July 3, refusing

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to consider stabilization at that time in any form, broke up the Conference and marked a new era in American national policy—political independence from Europe we had long enjoyed; it was now proposed that we should enjoy a similar degree of economic and financial independence, the ultimate word in the doctrine of non-entanglement in European affairs.

THE failure of the World Economic Conference brought us as its natural consequence to an increased appreciation of South and Central America as our most important and potentially most promising field of legitimate interest. Traditionally this had always been the case, and the World War had brought us fresh markets there which the European nations had been desperately seeking to regain, and with some success. Negotiations toward the conclusion of trade treaties with various South American countries were now pressed, and the success of the Pan-American Conference which had been called to meet in Montevideo this winter was made a principal objective of American policy. There was however a grave political obstacle in the way, namely the deep distrust held throughout Latin America of "Yankee imperialism," whether military or economic, and a marked skepticism as to our honesty of purpose in various recent applications of the Monroe Doctrine—Nicaragua and Haiti were incidents hard to explain to a Latin American. The test of our sincerity came in Cuba, where President Machado's record of oppression and of governmental extravagance was fast leading to open rebellion. Mr. Sumner Welles was accordingly sent from the State Department late in May as Ambassador to Cuba with instructions to seek through friendly and informal mediation with all factions a solution which would restore political peace and economic order. His mediation proved successful. Machado fled into exile and was peacefully succeeded by a provisional Government of moderate complexion under Señor de Cespedes, which received the immediate recognition of the United States. Unfortunately revolutions, whether peaceful or otherwise, seldom stop halfway, and within three weeks the de Cespedes Government was forcibly ousted by a more extreme group of younger men headed by Dr. Grau San Martín and backed by the rank and file of the Cuban army, who had successfully mutinied against their officers. Active fighting broke out in Havana and elsewhere and has continued sporadically ever since as various factions sought to overthrow the new Government. In spite of this and in spite of American reluctance to recognize the Grau San Martín régime under such uncertain circumstances, the Government has managed to stay in power and to put down armed attacks upon it, although its control of Cuba outside Havana appears to be slight.

It is almost needless to say that there was an immediate and insistent demand on the part of Americans owning interests in Cuba, and Cubans associated with them, for American intervention under the Platt Amendment. Indeed warships were ordered to the island and the stage seemed set for a good old-fashioned intervention. But at this point President Roosevelt proceeded to set a new style in Latin American relations, by calling to the White House all the Latin American diplomats in Washington to apprise them fully of the existing situation, and by disavowing to

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them all intention of intervening. Furthermore instructions were sent to the warships off Cuba that their activities were to be confined to taking off the island American citizens (and foreigners) who might feel their lives were in danger—significantly there was no reference made to the protection of American property. These steps constituted a radical departure from previous American practice in dealing with similar situations in Latin America, and the practical recognition of the right of the nations to the south of us to order their internal political affairs in their own way, even by revolution, opened a new chapter in the history of the Monroe Doctrine. It was in fact a return to the earlier concept of the Doctrine which was originally designed merely to prevent further extensions of European political control in the Western Hemisphere, and has gone far to reassure the Latin American nations of American good faith and respect for their sovereignties, a reassurance, it may be said, that was badly needed. The Cuban affair is not yet liquidated, stable orderly government is yet to be established throughout the island, and our continued non-recognition of the Grau régime has been criticized, although recent developments such as President Roosevelt's decision to reassign Mr. Welles to the State Department and to send Mr. Caffery to Havana suggest strongly that a modification in our recognition policy, as it applies to Cuba, may be impending. None the less, in its larger implications the fact that we have not chosen to intervene, in spite of our treaty right to do so, has not been lost on Latin America, and one result has been that the Pan-American Conference has proceeded in an atmosphere of good will which would not otherwise have been possible.

In the Far East an equally significant change of policy has taken place. With Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration the vehement note-writing on the subject of Japanese aggression in Manchuria, which had characterized the preceding Administration's handling of the question, ceased abruptly. True, the puppet kingdom of Manchukuo remained unrecognized and the American fleet remained in the Pacific "for maneuvers," but on the question of the rights and the wrongs of the case Mr. Roosevelt remained scrupulously silent. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt blandly started a programme of naval building intended to bring the American navy up to full treaty strength. Undeterred by the blustering warnings of Matsuoka, the roving Japanese diplomat, he then picked his time and proceeded to recognize Soviet Russia, thereby gaining for us a much needed friend in the Far East and one who was in a position to lend a diplomatic counterpoise to the theretofore unrestrained ambitions of Japan. Simultaneously, and by way of reassurance to Japan of our pacific intentions, he ordered the American battle fleet to Atlantic waters. The significance of these successive acts was plain to Japan who forthwith recalled her Ambassador from Washington, presumably in disgrace, and thus without a harsh word spoken a measurable degree of political stabilization, long lacking, was introduced into the Far Eastern situation. The end of course is not yet, and on the expiration of the Naval Treaties in 1935 diplomatic disturbances may be anticipated, but the time factor is on Mr. Roosevelt's side and he will know how to take advantage of it.

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The concluding chapter of Mr. Roosevelt's 1933 diplomacy, the formal recognition of Soviet Russia, is still fresh in every one's mind and completes the general foundation of the foreign policy which he seeks to pursue. Its immediate background has points of interest. At the London Conference in June the most cordial, if informal, relations were maintained between Maxim Litvinoff, the Russian representative there, and members of the American delegation. The world had moved since the days of the Red Terror and the diatribes of Mr. Colby and Mr. Hughes, and it was an open secret that the question of recognition would be considered at the first opportune moment. The occasion, curiously enough, arose out of the break-down of the Geneva Arms Conference in October and Germany's resignation from the League of Nations over the issue of immediate arms equality for Germany. France and Great Britain, with the tacit approval of the American delegate Norman Davis, had been urging a four-year probationary period for Germany before complete equality should be granted, and in rejecting this proposal Germany left the Conference and the League. The issue as between France and Germany, never far below the surface, once more lay bare and confronted us with a dilemma: Should we join the Allies in putting pressure on Germany to conform to the punitive Treaty of Versailles which we ourselves had refused to ratify, or should we support the position of a Nazi Germany, whom we did not wholly like or trust, against our erstwhile associates in the War? Mr. Roosevelt did not hesitate. He recalled Norman Davis from Geneva for consultation, thus entirely dissociating the United States from the European political question, and once more making it clear as he had in May that we regarded land disarmament as primarily a European question. This still left the United States in a somewhat invidious position. A change of ground and of emphasis was indicated, and Mr. Roosevelt, perhaps crying inwardly "a plague o' both your houses," produced his master stroke by opening direct negotiations with Russia with a view to formal and full recognition.

Aside from the possible benefits to American commerce, the political fact was that a friendly Russia—and in the preceding century Russia had been notably our friend—would fortify our diplomatic position in Europe as well as in Asia, and by recognition Mr. Roosevelt in effect redressed the world balance of power. This was checkerboard diplomacy on the truly grand scale and its results in the field of world politics promise to be momentous. The details of recognition followed quickly and easily. Litvinoff came to Washington where he gave adequate and gratifying guarantees as to the treatment of American citizens and interests in Russia, the cessation of Communist propaganda in the United States, and the settlement of outstanding claims between the two countries, and left Washington with formal recognition an accomplished fact and normal friendly relations established to the great potential advantage of both nations.

A RECORD of accomplishment such as this in ten short months is no small matter. Under Mr. Roosevelt we have gained our economic independence of Europe and have in effect liquidated our involvements in Europe which had ensued from our participation in the

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War. The War debts still remain, but such has been the course of events that a repetition of the June defaults has passed comparatively unnoticed—we have had too many more important things to think about. In South America our redefinition of policy has produced an atmosphere of good will which brings economic coöperation between the two Continents well within the sphere of practical politics, and has at the same time relieved us of our self-assumed responsibility for maintaining domestic order in Latin America. In the Far East our diplomacy has at last seemed to give Japan pause in her career of conquest, and has afforded what may yet be a basis for peaceful stabilization in that troubled area. Finally in the recognition of Russia we have found an opening for new markets and enterprise, and have at the same time found a friend whose influence and support will be felt in Europe as well as in Asia.

American prestige abroad is now high where it was low; American foreign policy is dynamic where it was inert; it is courageous where it was vacillating; it is respected where it was resented or despised; above all it is realistic and has not sought unattainable miracles; and it is backed by an expanding and effective navy. Throughout the initiative and decision have been Mr. Roosevelt's. He has acted where others talked. His instinct and sense of timing have been well nigh flawless in the treacherous crises of world politics. He may not go down to history as our greatest President, but in the light of his conduct of our foreign relations he may well be remembered as our greatest Secretary of State.

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The Snowslide

By Geraldine Seelemire MacLeod

A Story in Two Parts: Part II

VI

The crust still held. The winter seemed never intending to break. But you couldn't tell, Mrs. Turner thought, as she dipped a snowy cupful out of the depths of the flour bin. And the sugar was nearly gone—it wouldn't last forever. Lard was about all they had enough of—and she'd rendered that herself, off of their own hogs. But you couldn't raise flour and coffee and sugar—*hay* was all you could raise in this God-forsaken country where winter was nine months long, and summer only a breath on the heels of the late spring. And you couldn't eat hay. Fred had best go while the crust held. Ellen Lou too; it would cheer her up, and she could help with the bringing home. And she herself would be glad enough to live the day alone.

"We need provisions, you better go down tomorrow," she turned to say to Fred coming in with an armload of thin kindling sticks, but their falling into the box made such a clatter she had to repeat herself.

Fred stood with his head down, puffing a little, as if he were counting the planks of the floor.

"Did you hear?"

He looked out from between the ear-muffs of his cap like something peering out of a hole. "Are we clean out?"

"No, but we will be. You better go while there's crust to take you. Ellen Lou can help you fetch home."

He turned his back and began a careful pulling of his mittens away from his hands. As he stooped to the water bucket he met himself in the dingy mirror. With these ear-muffs dangling, a person would hardly be able to tell he had a sore face. He peered at himself among the other shadows.

Ellen Lou came banging in with two buckets piled with milk like snow, and striped Tom appeared from nowhere, beginning his evening song to the milking pails.

Fred's tongue struck out like a frantic beak, "No, I tell you, no, you can't go!" and E'Loo held her own tongue, watching his few preparations for town. He tied his ear-flaps under his chin, he stepped into his skis, he pulled on his sheep-lined mittens. His mother, coming out, handed him a small flat package of cold pan-cakes to put in his hip-pocket. "Here's a snack for you. You got the list now?"

He nodded, and shoved away downward along the hill.

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Ellen Lou watched him go, and the mother glanced at her from under her heavy lids, but the girl turned back into the cabin door.

There was nothing to say to anybody, Ellen Lou thought. She went to the window and looked out through the cold glass at the coldness out of doors. Her breath shrouded the pane as if she had brought a miniature snowstorm with her, and she turned back to the stove and the breakfast dishes. The fire had died down, the cabin was dark and clammy with cold. She thrust her hands into the lukewarm greasy dishwater. No sound stirred on the whole hill except the little slop of the water under her hands.

Even that ceased. Ellen Lou stood with her shoulders hunched. It seemed a little warmer to stand in a knot than to try to move. Then she hurried through her work, keeping ahead of her thoughts. Her mother must have gone down to the barn. She'd take Rover and go for a run on the hill.

But out on the hill-slant, under the silent trees, she soon stopped her running. She walked as slowly as if she hunted for something lost on the blue-white crust. But it wasn't a lost thing she hunted—it was something she'd never had. What was the matter with Fred and her mother—was it only because Bert was gone that they acted so queer? *Only!* That was enough—but did her mother think that Fred—? The thought slipped away again out of her reach.

She hadn't really believed that Bert was dead—he'd be back some evening in time for supper, with his eyes like fireflies, his cheeks roughed by the wind. He'd be coming—hallooing along the hill—

That's what she'd been thinking, way in the back of her mind. But now there was something crowding it out: her mother's quiet, spreading through the cabin—the look in her face as if the upper half of her was dead.

"I been pretty quiet myself," she said, "padlocked and boarded up. We all been, with thinking of Bert. But Fred's all we've got now. We've got to be good to Fred—*he'll* have to be my favorite brother now." She felt suddenly that it had been harder for Fred than for her, or even for their mother. He had had to bring the news home. And he had had to carry his grief around with him alone. Only that one night, when he had cried out loud, their mother had comforted him a little. And she herself had followed the way she saw her mother take, as if she could not act for herself, not knowing how to conduct herself in the changed ways of grief. She had shut Fred out. They had treated him almost as if he bore some guilt.

Ellen Lou's thoughts stopped to puzzle again over the look she had found in her mother's stone-colored eyes. Was that what it meant? But her heart rejected it. No! He was Bert's *brother!* He was *her* brother.

She hunted a break in the trees to see if she could find him down on the shining flat—ready to forget the sting of his tongue a little while earlier.

And she ran back to the cabin ready to cheer her mother's face with, "The snowbirds are busier than grasshoppers, and I do believe the old spring's on her way at last."

Under the pressure of each long slide ahead, the snow crystals crackled faintly, but Fred's shadow ran by his side without a sound. The head glided far out on the crust; but the feet clung to his feet as if they would trip him, and with each

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step reached after him like some deformed thing, unescapable.

On his left the low dark mound of pine-clad foot-hills kept him company like another shadow, and far away to his right across the flat, the mountains rooted mightily in the earth, and their three peaks like great white pines ascended into the sky.

While E'Loo was holding aside a dark needled branch to find her brother, diminished to a bit of black far south, Fred was thinking (thrusting forward a long ski, sliding beyond on the other): "If I make out to be Bert—if it's *me* that's dead and not Bert—" shrill and insistent the whispering skis scraped over the crust—"if it's *me* that *Bert's* killed—" the long ski-stride slowed—"it's Bert'll be taken—it's Bert'll be hung—"

He stopped. He stood still in the ski's silence, in the wide bright quiet of the bitter, glittering morning, hearing a screaming like the sound of his skis in his head: "Fool! Fool! Bert's dead. He's *dead!*"

A lonely nausea gnawed his insides. He realized it had been at work, eating a great slow hollow in him ever since that last irrecoverable glimpse of Bert overridden and borne under—sucked from life. The gnawing had stopped for a little this morning—but he hadn't known it was stopped till it set to again, startled awake at thought of Bert's goneness.

"It's *you* that'll hang, whatever you tell. Saying you're Bert won't help. There's only you—whether you're Bert or whether you're Fred. You can't get out of yourself!"

But it seemed that he *would* get out of himself. He jerked his head upward and struck out with unconscious fists at the world: "I didn't kill Bert! Bert's under that slide—he's dead under the slide—"

He slouched again, staring as if he would burrow into the snow with his eyes, seeing himself at Bert's burial, standing over, clawing, scratching at the pile, thinking, "It's like I'd killed him and buried him here—" A smile hardened his lips at the picture of himself, a small black streak on the hill-side, filling in a grave to fit a giant as tall as the hill itself.

"But *they* think you did it—"

He pitched himself into motion, leaning and hurrying away, trying to leave his thoughts behind. He swung his eyes wide, hunting out some small variation in the crust to fasten upon; some bit of sage-brush plume above the snow; a hole burrowed by a small thing from earth to air; a snow-shoe rabbit leaving his long lazy track on the hard crust. He set his mind on these things: a hole in the snow; a bit of sage and its shadow; a lonely rabbit on an errand. But another part of his mind that clung like the shadow beside him was remembering: "Last time I come here Bert was here too. We come traveling into town together with our pelts. Bert he could see and think and hear—and one time before we come away we took a chew of plug that we never told Ma or E'Loo of, nary one of us. And on the way home storm was coming up from behind the hill."

Fred's mind wandered along the memory of their goings and returnings together, and of a time last fall when they had come home with their news and their talk of Winslow. They had talked for a long time of Winslow's terrible deed, and they had been in agreement on what should be his punishment. He could hear Bert's answer to his own insistence, "Why *sure* he ought to be

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hung, what else *is* there?" as if his own excitement were foolishness, as if such things had long been settled, and there was nothing more to say. And now they had Winslow in prison. He was sitting there in the dark, waiting for what was coming to him.

He urged his skis faster.

But presently he thought, "There's town yonder," and his skis balked again, as if they would go this way, as if they would go that way—any way but into that small scatter of houses. But Fred drove them steadily ahead.

"There's town yonder, and the people'll be coming forth in a body to meet me." And the people he saw made a long black winding on the white snow—many more than had ever been in the little town.

VII

He drew slowly alongside the pink brick wall of the Mormon church. He couldn't remember coming the last of the way.

He looked around the corner. The dirty snow-road, winding here and there to take in the dozen or so buildings set down any place as if by a flood grown tired of their weight, was almost empty. A shaggy sorrel pony held up its saddle in front of the frame saloon, and a bob-sled had dragged its shining tracks from the post-office to the blacksmith shop to the dry-goods store as if to make things look a little livelier. From his church corner Fred could see the bob-sled now, standing in front of the square false-front labeled "Nephi and Joseph Norton, Dry Goods." This identification was needless, since every one knew what was behind it, and if a stranger *had* come to town he must have guessed its identity, since there was no second false-front to cause confusion—and surely the one brick building within all these miles must be a Mormon church; and the dance hall and livery stable could be nothing else. As if aware of its superfluity, the lettering was fading away, slowly escaping back to the elements. But the false-front still stood square-shouldered to the world. The bay team looked small beneath, resting noses on the edge of the high plank porch.

Another team with an empty hay-rack drove around from behind the livery stable and trotted out the other end of town—to some ranch for a load of hay, probably, to feed the team that hauled it. From the looks of things there would be no other horses standing in the livery stable. But just then the blacksmith shop up the road a way let out a gray horse who was led across the street and into the dark square door of the big old barn.

A hammering began in the shop after the visitor's departure. Fred kicked off his skis and balanced them on his shoulder. He stepped out from behind the church and into the dingy road. Town was so quiet, he could never really have had any fear of it, or if he had, he had left it back there hiding behind the church.

But he went by the blacksmith shop softly, and did not look in. He held the great black cave of the door away from him, making it nothing. And the voice that called out from the darkness, "Hi, young Turner!" received no answer. Fred was not sure that he had heard any voice at all. He stepped hurriedly through the flicker of his thoughts toward the store.

The high hollow porch shouted his foot-steps back at him. And he leaned his skis against the wall carefully so that the tap of their heels would not be echoed, too. He set an easy thumb on the

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easy latch of the smeared glass door. It opened as if it would drag him in, and he breathed a hot mouthful of leather and rubber and denim and apple and tobacco and damp clothes and packing-box smells. His ears sucked up the sound of a lazy voice and its answer. But he only glimpsed the straggle of loafers hanging around the stove at the other end of the store; he held his eyes and face aside to the counter and show-case here at his right where fat Joe Norton hid his belly. The chomping face that sat above the tobacco display looked over at him, pink and shining and pleasant as a scraped hog's, and "Howjadoo?" came up from the paunch. "How's things treatin' *you?*"

"Howdy," said Fred, trying to lower the other's hog-calling with his own soft drawl, wishing the store were empty, feeling the others behind him—a row of gum-shoes and German-socks staring at his back. He leaned on the counter. "I'll take some—"

But the loud voice wanted to know how things was up his way? His mother—how was the winter treatin' *her?* Fred, trying to hear if the others were listening, at last heard a dry eager laughter and a waver of indolent talk that must have been going on all the time if he could have heard it against the uneasiness in himself.

When the storekeeper's questions had been answered to his satisfaction, his legs maneuvered his fatness along between the counter and the shelves. He seemed to be ready to wait on his customer.

But Fred couldn't find his list. He started to pull off his mitten to hunt. He felt Norton's small sharp eyes on him, felt them waiting to pounce on his scarred hands. He drew the mitten back on. In the heat of the store his ear-muffs burned his ears and cheeks. He lifted his clumsy hands to push his cap back, and remembered the thought that had stared at him last night out of the smear of the mirror at home. He dropped his hands. A hot wave passed over his eyes, a ringing vibrated in his head under the storekeeper's scrutiny. But when he could look up he found Norton mooning across the store and out the steamy window.

He turned aside a little to slip off his mitten, snatching a glimpse of the stove-huggers from beneath his lashes. They were more interested in the stove and the spittoon and their joke than in him. He stood in a quick cold immersion of relief, his fear running off him like water.

He turned back to the counter. He had found his money, but no list. "Well—guess I'll have a try at remembering—" The store seemed pleasantly warm, the presence of the men behind him friendly and snug.

As the storekeeper crackled through to the end of his wrapping, he said conversationally, making his trade at home, keeping his place of business a pleasant place: "Where's your brother? Never seen the one of you without the other was along before—never thought you could git shet of one another! Lessee now, which are you—I never could tell the two of you apart?"

Fred's eyes clung to the counter top.

At last he said, "I'm the other one," and looked up at his tormentor's fat face.

The face belched a trickle of good nature through the nose, and Fred, gathering up courage along with his bundles, said, "I always found it a little hard telling you and *your* brother apart, too!" And the fat proprietor good-naturedly accepted the joke aimed at himself and

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his wall-eyed brother, long and thin as a fish.

Fred, elate with escape, set his thumb on the door-latch. But a voice assailed him—"Hey there! What's your hurry?"—and a hard hand on his arm joined in the greeting. He looked up into the grinning bony face of the young taxidermist, who himself resembled some of the long-necked, bulge-eyed animals whose stay on earth he perpetuated by means of stuffing their remains. One of the bright animal-eyes winked. The Adam's apple in the long neck winked too. "Whatcha doin'? Catchin' a train? Come on back and you may learn somethin' you don't know!" And he tried to propel Fred with his hard fingers toward the grins around the stove.

"Hi!" Fred gulped a greeting, and eluded the grasp. "See you later," he said, and tried to grin, and got himself out the door. As he snatched up his skis, the lean hard face and the hard shining brown eyes of the taxidermist stuck out the door. "Awright," he agreed, "if I'm not here, see you over to the saloon. I'll keep an eye peeled for you!" and he stretched down an under-lid with a finger. Then: "Hell, I thought you was Bert!" And he drew in his head.

Fred hurried back along the shiny bob-sled tracks. His heart stuck against his ribs. The cold air seemed to get no farther than his throat. He saw himself at the other end of town—out in the flat, leaving town behind. He stretched his stride till his loins ached, trying to catch up with the thought of himself safe out of this place. He nodded in return to the nod of somebody's wife wrapped in her apron with two dirty-nosed young ones trailing whining behind, and he had to speak this time to the blacksmith who stood suddenly (wrapped also in *his* apron) in his wide black doorway. Then he hurried on toward his church, and his safety behind its corner.

Behind the shelter of that pink brick corner again, he stopped. No one in town could see him here. He gulped at the cold air, trying not to make a noise with his breathing. Christ what a shave! Thought he was Bert! The shock of memory ran up his spine again and caught at his back teeth as if he had eaten something bitter.

He'd have to look at that list to be sure he had everything. He'd have to look, or he'd worry all the way home. He began a hunt through his pockets.

But the scrap of paper was gone, lost. Then he remembered: sugar—that was it—the first thing on the list. The thing she'd said they had most need of.

He saw himself going into the store again—meeting that lank, skin-tight face, those voices and eyes poking their fun at him.

He'd tell her they were out of sugar! "The last load of freight was late getting in—" But she'd see through him! No, she wouldn't see through him, but he'd see through himself! Coward! Sneaking back of a corner with his teeth chattering! Fool! He hadn't done anything. What was there to be afraid of? He recognized himself suddenly—and the church and town and the white hills surrounding, familiar in a quiet vacuum of sunlight.

He looked around the corner. It must be noon. A dozen or more youngsters were trailing home from school to dinner, their faces under their stocking caps busy with giggles and chatter and squeals, their voices high and sharp in the sunny air, their feet busy on the packed snow. He waited until the last one had hurled his last snow ball and dawdled out of sight into silence. Then

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he stepped out into the empty road, and fear jumped out after him. He held himself to a walk back along the shining bob-sled track, but each long step was a terror.

He passed the high porch of the store, trying to see from the corner of his eye, trying to guess whether the taxidermist and his friends were still inside. He looked around and over his shoulder quickly, and dodged behind the corner. He could wait there for the sound of their coming out. Then he would hurry around the corner and in for the sugar —he could feel the words ready on his tongue—"I forgot to get sugar—I aimed to fetch home a little sugar—but it plum slipped my mind—sugar—"

The store seemed to hold only quietness. He could hear nothing through the wall—they'd gone on along to the saloon. Listening, a wondering floated in his mind: Bert and that knife-jawed taxidermist? Perhaps Bert had gone to the saloon—last summer—likely he *had* gone. They had been in town together. Bert had had a good time. He had danced with a girl.

Fred could hear nothing. There seemed nothing to hear inside the store. He stepped out around the corner, up on the porch.

The damn place was so hot inside, he'd open up a little first. He unbuttoned his mackinaw and jumper. He set his thumb on the easy latch; he hesitated, and pressed it down.

They were gone! Only quiet was here. The cracked iron stove and the spittoon were left to themselves. Then a tow-headed nine-year-old slammed through the back door and galloped across the store, shrilling, aglow with her errand, "Daddy! Mama says some maple syrup and cinnamon, maple syrup and cinnamon!"

The fat pork face rose from behind the counter and glared over at its young one. "You tell that mother of yours—" then the small eyes discovered Fred.

"Unh," Norton grunted, turning and hunting up and then down for a small houseful of syrup and the red can of cinnamon. "Here, Jeanie, here's your maple syrup and cinnamon. Run now."

Fred, thinking vaguely, vindictively, "The old hog, she'd never've got it if I hadn't been here," heard, "Your brother was in a little bit ago. Likely you're lookin' for him. But he went on out—didn't say where he was headed for. The boys was joshin' him about goin' over for a little drink, but I don't know whether or not he went."

Fred moved toward the counter. "I'll take some sugar," he said, "twenty pounds."

"*How* much?"

Fred cleared the whispers out of his throat. "Twenty pounds," he repeated loudly.

The bulbous hands plunked down the wrapped package. "Will that be all?"

Fred thought, "It'll look queer, getting only sugar," and felt heat surging up to his eyes again. He fought it back, "And some maple syrup and a can of pepper—" he strained after the name of something to eat—"and I guess I'll take a nickel's worth of them lickrish cegars." Memory of Bert and the real tobacco they had bought together flooded his heart and mind.

The fat hands rummaged in the candy case. A recklessness surged up in Fred: "Some coffee too, you can gimme—or did B—" he swallowed—"did my brother—did Bert get the coffee, do you recollect?"

"Oh, so that was Bert, was it?"

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Fred's mouth drained dry and harsh. His heart lifted and clung against his ribs.

"I was joshin' him a little, and he wasn't a mind to say which he was, you or him."

Fred's strained eyes brought the other's back to their business.

"Coffee?" Norton caught the word. "Coffee? Come to think of it, believe he *did* get coffee. Lion's—yeah, he got Lion's."

"Well, wha'do I owe you?" Fred's voice cracked, and he scuffed his throat.

The swollen fingers were doing the figuring for the swollen head. "Ten's better'n one," the head said, coming up to announce the amount.

Fred turned to get out of the store once more, and crashed into a girl standing close behind him. She giggled a teasing scale, and stared up at him out of blue eyes half lost in a tousle of yellowish wool. He recognized in the yellow nigger's wool the girl that Bert had danced with last summer on the Fourth of July. He himself had holed up among the other boys and men at the back of the dance hall.

"Hello, Bert!" She laughed and sparkled her eyes at him till her cheeks seemed to sparkle too.

"Hello," he began.

Joe Norton came to his rescue. "Even you young ladies can't sort 'em out," he teased. "*That* ain't Bert. That's *Fred*."

"Ain't it?" he appealed to Fred, as if in doubt again himself.

"Yeah, I'm Fred awright," and Fred stared at the girl and shifted his bundles and sidled past her out the door. "'Bye," he muttered to the disappointment gaping after him, and ran down the steps and humped himself through town to his skis and his bundles waiting behind the church.

VIII

MRS. TURNER shooed a sassy camp-robber off its perch on the last shoulder of elk that hung on the north end of the cabin, and Rover chased the flight of its plump gray body and its chuckles around the corner. Winter and the meat were coming out about even this time, she thought, as she took hold of the lower ends of the frozen ribs and hefted the quarter to unhook it from its nail. She lugged the stiff awkward weight around the corner and into the cabin. She should have had Fred saw off these ribs this morning. He used to think of such things himself without being told. She strained it up on to the table, and reached for the short saw on the wall. She'd get rid of the ribs for supper. The young ones liked them—though the Lord knew why—same reason the dog did, probably. She might as well take off enough for a stew for tomorrow as long as she was at it. The ribs wouldn't be good for much more than a meal. She sawed through the veined pink iridescence of the frozen meat, setting her teeth on her lower lip, bracing herself hand and foot and knee for the struggle. The shoulder thumped on the table, the saw spat and whined.

"Here, Ma, let me do that." Without answering, Mrs. Turner straightened, her lip still caught in her teeth, her eyes still on the meat as if they would finish the job. She released the saw to E'Loo, just come in from the barn, and let her breath escape. "Well," she conceded, "take off enough for a stew too, while you're at it."

"I never bargained for *that*," E'Loo teased, sizzing her saw back and forth with short sharp jerks as if sawing up the side of an elk were no trick at all. But her back leaned as stiff as her

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mother's had, and there was no time for breathing. One of the long tawny braids slid over her shoulder and she tossed it back. It slid again, and she snatched at it and wrapped it around her neck like a muffler, out of her way.

The mother glanced at the matter-of-fact look that E'Loo's face wore when she tackled a job that might be too much for her, and turned away. Her brothers had taught her that look—Bert had taught her that look. It was a boy's look. She had learned to wear it, keeping up with Bert and his bragging.

But she'd soon forget to wear it now. A good many of her old ways were gone already, with Bert. Quieted, she set her pace to Fred's pace—and half of Fred was gone. They echoed each other—and Bert—only like shadows. Their faces were shut. And when E'Loo tried of a sudden to take up her old way, Fred seemed even more quiet, going and coming among his chores. And yet he never opened the door to come into the house that she didn't catch herself hearing Bert coming too. She never looked up to find Fred, that Bert's face didn't stare over his shoulder.

Mrs. Turner went to look at the pencil mark on the sill of the south window, and glanced out to the timber of spruce and naked quakin' asp and their climbing shadows. "Fred ought to be showing up. It must be three o'clock. I s'pose I might as well put on the rest of that yellow meal for supper. He likes his mush and milk." And she turned from the window and leaned aslant for the last of the meal in its bin beneath the table, remembering how Martin had been partial to mush and milk too. How like Martin this boy was—and how unlike.

Bert had been like him too—and unlike. Martin's insistent good humor had passed from him into Bert—the bullying kindness. And in Fred was his stubbornness, his quick temper, his tenderness. It was Martin in Bert who made her go and lie down on the bed when she looked tired. It was Martin in Fred who kept the wood-box and the water bucket filled for her. In giving her these twins, had he given her only half a man in each?

When spring came would Fred stiffen his shoulders again and take a new lease on life? Would that beaten look he wore fade, and some glimmer of determination meet spring's responsibilities? Would he take a-hold and shoulder the work of two? *Could* he stand on his own feet without Bert?

Or was he crippled for life? *Was* it for more than lack of Bert that he dragged in his tracks? If he *did* carry something about with him, if something *did* happen between them that morning—

She thought again of their quarrel over Bert's skis at the start. If somewhere, out on a hill the quarrel had worked itself into words again, or blows, and Fred's temper and rifle had gone off together—

Her veering thoughts closed bitterly upon memory of her husband. He was to blame. *He* had brought her out here to these mountains, to this life he'd got so set on, he'd brought her into this and dumped her down. Given her three youngsters to take care of and then left her to fend for herself as best she could. . . .

E'Loo caught up the shoulder she had been working at and carried it back out to its nail and its camp-robber on the shadowed north wall. She came around into the sun again, feeling the brightness on her cheek like a touch.

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She looked down into the white peaceful valley, quiet with winter afternoon. It seemed as warm here against the cabin wall as in summer. But the yellow winter sun would soon slide down the back side of the Tetons and their shadow would come over the whole valley and up this hill with its dark and cold.

Her eyes took flight along the hill with its sad blue shadows—but the sadness of shadows was a sadness she didn't mind. Those yonder held almost a pleasant sadness—so much else in the world felt the sun—the day was so almost spring. And the air reached out a warmth to you, as if asking you to forget to be sad, as if it said, "Here's *peace,* if you can't be *happy!*" And Ellen Lou's body remembered some of its old ways of contentment. It sent a message to her thought to escape its prison and come out—to try its old ways. But when her thought crept out from its dark inner-brain, and stretched, and took a swift flight downhill into the sunny emptiness below, it met Fred coming home alone. And it turned, fled back up the hill, and away along an old track, seeking a torn sidehill. There it found Bert, lying in the snow, and crept into its old place beside him. And Ellen Lou ceased her dawdling, her picking at the old pine bark in the shine of the sun.

"I better be getting the chickens fed," she said. "The poor brainless things'll be going to roost with no supper," and she went in to get their can of warmed wheat.

From the chicken house she heard Rover's commotion as he humped himself downhill with agonized yelps to meet Fred. Then she heard their feet on the path going by. But no voice. No talk and no laughter. Rover yelped and whined by himself.

When Bert and Fred used to come home from town together she had always been so glad. Their cold cheeks and their bright eyes, their voices, their packages, were something to wait for all day. They had brought more than themselves and packages. They had brought the festive smell of the store, and an excitement of adventure to share with E'Loo.

But now Fred's face would be tight. His voice would be thin as if he spoke to some one far off. And her thought of the cabin was bleak as out here in the chicken house. She gathered each egg as if it were two.

Lonely and cold she stood hunched by the last nest, curling her fingers around the fading warmth of an egg, adread of the loneness and cold that Fred would have brought home with him into the cabin.

As she pushed open the door, she heard her mother's voice, "Where's the flour?"

And Fred, turning from the stove, alive with response to her irritation: "*Flour?*—I never knew you wanted flour."

IX

"You can *feel* the leaves on the quakin' asp, even if they aren't out yet," Ellen Lou said, standing beside Fred on a small hillside bareness wreathed by snow. She looked out into the sunny world, and sniffed with her blunt freckled nose at her scant bright handful of buttercups that had escaped from under the snow and thrust up their yellow waxen petals to the sunlight with their small sweet gesture of daring the cold aura that clung upon the tracks of the receding snow.

"You can feel the frost too, even if you can't see it," she added, and the

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expression that fluttered in her face, though it was not a smile, seemed a smile. Her freckles had popped out like the buttercups as if they too were on the look-out for the first pussy-willow and spring.

After dinner she and Fred had come out with Rover to wander along the afternoon hill from one bare spot to another, and E'Loo had felt a straining in her flesh give way as if she were thawing with the spring. Her blood that had seemed to climb and climb purred softly, as if contented now. She looked at Fred. The longness of his face seemed not the longness of set jaws and pulled muscles, but of relaxation, almost of sleep. He was looking along the hill, but she thought he could not be thinking.

An old log lay in its sleep of dissolution on the hillside, drying a little in the afternoon sun. And they sat down. Rover came from the mystery of his business and squatted before them and let his tongue hang out. "It's a strange thing," Ellen Lou felt, "being out here with Fred, quiet and not saying—not thinking. We didn't think to come. We just came—walking along the hill—walking up a hill with the sun shining on us." She dreamed herself into autumn, and she and Bert and Fred were robbing a bumble bees' nest of its scant summer gleanings, carrying the sweet pale liquid in its small cocoons carefully home in their hands. She could taste it—she could feel the fear of the bees. It was as if the fear were all in her ears, like their buzz. But they were stupid things. The first frosts of fall had settled in their brains. . . .

—"Remember . . . ?"

And Fred turned a face of sleep with eyes at peace and dark as the hillside shadows to his sister's face. "Bert was here then."

"Yeah, Bert was here then."

"Bert's dead now."

"But he's not really dead—not as long as we remember . . ."

"He was going down the hill—flying almost. If I hadn'ta hollered it never would have happened. I hollered and the snow broke loose."

"It might've happened though. It might've been anyway. It may've been his going jarred the hill."

"It may've been." But Fred's face shrank taut, and his jaws fought for a moment. His voice cried, "I can *see* him, though! I can *see* him looking back—surprised—the way he used to. . . .

"I got this to thank God for: we didn't have no quarrel—he took and sucked my arm where I scratched. We had no quarrel agin each other when we stood there on the hill. . . .

"And his ski—when I pulled it, it came away in my hands. Broke half in two. His new ski—"

"His new skis—the ones he promised. He said after that morning he gave those skis to me, to have for mine. . . .

"We ought to go. Don't you think we ought to go—" Ellen Lou tried among the words she had, hunting some she didn't have. "It'll be thawing—it's almost spring—and the coyotes?"

Fred: "It ain't far from the bumble bee log—the next slope north." He sat with his hands viced between his knees, as if the pain were in his hands, but the pain crept up across his face too, like some change occurring in his flesh, as he stared out of his eyes along the hill.

"Freddie?" E'Loo questioned. And Fred turned from his staring and looked into her eyes. His mouth-corners flickered, and the flicker ran up his face like a light. His shoulders relaxed, and he doubled face forward into her lap.

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She sat a long time patting his shoulder.

She had never thought what her Ma thought—no, she never had. She always believed whatever she was told. "It's best to believe and not be thinking, not be thinking till you know." She remembered her mother at home in the cabin alone with her thinking. She roused Fred. "We'd best be going home. It's growing chill."

Fred's voice when he stood up was thick and strange as if he'd taken cold. "We'll go tomorrow," he said, "after I get back from fetching that flour I forgot. I better get the flour. I put off going long enough."

E'Loo looked up with a second's quick doubt of him (was he trying to get away?) and Fred looking down caught the suspicion that darkened her yellow eyes against the sun. He turned, and they walked down the hill with a silence between them.

In the dark, that seemed to wait with him for the window across the room to fade from blackness into pale gray squares, Fred lay under his heavy quilts, setting his body rigid against the jerking in his brain. For his brain kept picturing to his body the ease and relief a sudden violent twist, a fling of arms and legs, a retching of his whole trunk would bring.

And presently he threw himself to his other side and tried to force sleep into his brain, down through his body. But it only made motion more necessary.

He wondered again what time it was, and again thought of himself going "between two days," making a get-away, riding away into hiding among the hills. At the head of some rocky butte to the east a cave opened narrow jaws. He watched a thin dark figure, himself, scrambling up to it. Then his hands were reaching out to the small juttings of granite that lifted him up. He crawled inside the dark hole, he spent his days there, looking down over a tangle of dark-treed hills. He saw the sheriff and a whole hillside of men riding to get him.

Again he twisted his body away from these picturings running like rivers that could not be stopped along the same trails through his brain.

Why hadn't his Ma seen fit to let him be, why had she stopped him that night from going back? Bert might have been waiting, he might have been alive. It was *her* fault Bert was dead—and she blaming *him*. And she'd prodded him with her blame into a ditch he'd never pull out of.

Then his thought turned its teeth on itself like a crippled animal that eats away its own flesh. He hadn't had to stay. He could have turned about and gone with E'Loo and some shovels back to Bert. He hadn't had to cave in and sniffle because his Mother had said Bert was dead. How did she know?—But she had known. The strange lifeless sureness of her voice returned like a remembered nausea: "There's no use your gettin' excited. Bert's dead."

But he had no proof that she thought *he'd* killed Bert. She had never said so. But he'd thought she thought it. And if she thought so, everybody would. But what right had he to think she believed that of him?

No, he'd got himself into it. He'd done it himself. He didn't have anybody to blame—not Ma, not E'Loo. They didn't know how he'd gone about like a fool saying, "I'm Bert," saying, "I'm Fred," making two of himself with Bert dead and buried—till he'd left no way out.

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The whole valley would find out soon enough now. He was going for flour. Then he was coming home to go to the slide with E'Loo. That's what they'd planned. He and E'Loo would be bringing Bert's dead body home (frozen stiff, and blue and bruised with death and the cold). Then they'd turn on him and ask questions—the people come up from below. (Not his Ma—she'd have no word. *Her* mouth, set the same in her long face, would ask him no questions.) "Why did you lie if you didn't have nothing to hide? Why did you go about making out you were Bert when Bert was dead? You killed him!"

"I didn't!"

They'd hang him up by the neck! They might have believed him before, but they'd never believe him now. He had nothing now he could say. It was too late now. He'd built a trap for himself. He'd walked into it.

It seemed the black middle of the night when E'Loo heard Fred get out of bed. She saw a pale lightness through the bedroom curtain. He had lighted a candle to dress by. The floor creaked under his step. She heard him rattling at the gun-rack. The lightness at the curtain blackened. The door opened and closed. Fred was getting an early start. He ought to be back by noon. She wondered if her mother heard too, but she could not tell. E'Loo turned on her back and tried not to think, tried to let the black night sink through her eyeballs, deep into her head.

Poor Fred, going off alone. She'd like to call to him, to cheer that look around his mouth into a smile. But something hushed her voice—something more than the quiet.

Poor little Ma. She'd like to put out a hand—pat her side—comfort her. But something held them apart—something more than the dark.

Fred stepped outside, rousing Rover from the curl of his sleep at the doorstep. The dog peered reluctantly out from under the penny-spots on his brows, and twisted his black nose in a sniff. He uncurled stiffly and sat up. But Fred opened the door and ordered him inside. Rover set his claws on the floor softly, wise enough to keep still.

Fred stood looking at the dark, feeling a netting of frost like fine wires form in his nostrils. But it was warmer. He hunted his footing along the splintery path of mud frozen to rock toward the barn. He couldn't tell where the hill left off and the barn began. The valley below was only a black emptiness. The sky was a blackness waiting to let something fall on his head.

Inside the barn, Fanny and Molly lay in their straw bedding, faintly warm and odorous. Fanny came to life reluctantly at Fred's slap on her flank, and lunged herself up from her bed. She stepped stiffly down from the pole floor, breathing up some of the cold night and blowing it out again, a dead weight on the halter rope. Her tender feet stumbled against the ragged ground. Back of the closed door, Molly nickered softly, forlornly.

Fred swung himself up on the mare's bare back, stooped for his rifle leaning against the barn, and turned her haltered head downhill. Her body followed her head unwillingly. Away from the buildings they struck snow, and the darkness seemed to lighten a little. Fanny poked down the slope, at each step jerking her weight onto a front shoulder. Fred felt the barn sinking farther and farther into the hill and the darkness behind them. The cabin

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seemed lost in some past he could hardly remember. Fanny parted the darkness, stepping into the darkness ahead.

X

E'LOO's impatience had no time to wait for Fred. The morning stood past ten by the clock and by the mark on the window sill, though you couldn't always tell by the clock. She looked out the window for some sign of movement on the trail below, watching for Fanny's sorrel head to push around a turn. But the pines stood quiet, with their dark branches low across the trail, their bronze trunks columnar and mysterious in shadow. The sun had come only far enough across the hill to reach a few pine tips farther up.

Ellen Lou looked down the trail again, but there was nothing—and Rover slept outside, curled on the chopping block as if nobody breathed within forty miles. He'd be awake enough if Fred was within ear-shot. She could hear her mother downstairs in the cellar, sorting potatoes. She went to the gap of the open door in the floor and leaned down to the smell of sprouting potatoes and mold and burning oil from the lantern. "I'm going out and putter around awhile, Ma."

"Well."

E'Loo shrugged herself into her blue and black plaid mackinaw, and pulled on her stocking cap. She went out and down the slushy trail to the barn. Rover hopped with a fox-like twist of his slender body down from his chopping block and trotted after, his pointed ears and pointed nose attentive to the world.

Ellen Lou jerked the wooden peg from its hole, and swung back the wide barn door on its elk-hide hinges. Inside, Molly turned her sorrel head and rolled her eyes like great brown agates against the pull of the halter.

"No, it ain't Fanny. Fanny ain't back yet."

E'Loo got a spade and set it outside the door, then led Molly out. She scrambled up on the warm bare back as Fred had done, urged Molly toward the spade, and having swung it up to her shoulder, she turned the mare's head up the hill, thinking, "I'll go up around by the big pine. Ma's always got her eye out for something or other. I'll go up around so's she can't see."

But her mother had already seen. She stood in the turn of the path, her apron a muff for her hands. "What're you aimin' to do?"

E'Loo leaned to pat Molly's neck, and Molly nudged at the halter, wanting to go. "Oh," E'Loo's voice sang out, "I thought I'd ride fence a spell. Old Molly's lonesome, and the sun's out down below."

"I never seen fence-ridin' done with a *spade* in *my* time." The mother, glancing aslant at Ellen Lou, turned to go back up the hill, as if she had said enough and the matter were settled.

The girl sat still until she heard the creak and slam of the cabin door. Rover pattered about in the mud, hunting a decent place to sit down. But he gave it up and leapt out joyously ahead as the tall sorrel mare turned up the hill, taking the way Ellen Lou's hand on the halter rope suggested. They went "up around" so that the watchful eyes in the cabin would not see them go.

Molly stepped out eagerly, breaking the shallow snow, ears alert and nostrils flared, free of the barn, with a mountainside and a whole wide valley below to breathe into her lungs. Her hind feet overstepped the tracks of her front as if she could not walk fast enough and

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must try a trot in a moment. Ellen Lou dodged a needly branch reaching out for her face, and gripped the sorrel haste beneath her with knees and calves and heels to save her balance. She straightened again and opened her eyes, and the day seemed brighter. The sage in the valley shone like water.

To be on a horse again after so long a time was a thing to be glad for, Ellen Lou's heart whispered to itself and to her, taking a gallop of its own to keep time when Molly stretched her long legs to a lope over a level bareness. The air with its sharp reminder of winter and its whistle that promised spring willows blew by, reaching for Molly's mane, crowding under Ellen Lou's cap with words for her ears in a language she did not know and yet could understand.

But the slip of a hind hoof on the slimy surface and a muscling scramble brought both heart and E'Loo jarring back to this life. Molly took it a little steadier, and E'Loo's heart and soul and brain joined in a sad rejection of joy and the world with its spring. She turned from the pale new needles on the trees around her, and from the sun in the valley below. Down there would be dozens of buttercups, slipping like quiet magic up out of the ground while you watched—leading you from one to another, to another, to another. But Ellen Lou's face behind the smile of her freckles had set its young lines to grimness. She rode on, looking ahead out of eyes as deep and lustreless as the chunk of rosin that lay at home in the cupboard, left from her Pa's fiddling.

"It ain't far from the bumble bee log—the next slope north from the bumble bee log." Her breath kept forming the words in her chest, in her throat, in her nose. She couldn't make it break time with Molly's long eager steps.

Mrs. Turner walked back up the path and into the cabin. She slammed the door behind her, and her long feet set themselves on the floor, one before the other, to carry her across the room to the old cupboard.

"Well—it's come. I may as well get ready."

But when she opened a drawer, it was as if her body said to her mind: "Don't—don't think—we'll do this—we know where everything is—we'll do it."

She thought: "That white shirt—and two sheets—" Her thoughts fumbled in her brain like her hands among the folds of clothes in the drawer. She stood still, looking at her hands where they stood like ugly spiders on their long jointed fingers. Her memory fled back among things strange to this need: the look of the valley stretching away north and south in summertime; Martin standing at the yard gate at home, in the sunset, with a broad hat pulled down. A wheat field, in the shock, stretched behind him. She could feel the hard-breathing tiredness she had felt then after a day lifting the bundles, setting them in shocks. At the yard gate in a blue dress talking to Martin (with that tiredness that would be gone tomorrow—a tiredness that felt as if a wind had blown down her throat, sweeping her clean) she looked like Ellen Lou—Ellen Lou in a blue dress, looking up in Martin's face wanting something, hunting something.

Her hands sought through the door. She was getting old. She couldn't set her mind on what she was doing.

Suddenly her hands began the search as they were directed: "Clean drawers

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and an undershirt—that blue tie—" She walked across the room to the shelf above the bed. She took down a pair of new black shoes and blew the dust from them, her pale eyes stubborn, her face calm as if the shoes had not been Bert's.

Ellen Lou, with a sweating weakness seeping along her veins, threw a spadeful of snow back over the dead face. She turned toward Molly and tugged at the rope. "Whoa! Molly, whoa!" She shoveled snow over the shoulders, the bent knees, the whole body. "Whoa! Whoa, now, whoa!" she cried again to the staring sorrel drawing in long breaths, blowing long snorts, suspicion and fear bulging her eyes, her knees a-tremble, her feet braced ready to bolt.

"No, Rover, no, I tell you, stay where you are!" And Rover subsided again with a thin soft whine to his place beside Bert's body in the snow. He hid his sharp little muzzle between his paws.

With Ellen Lou only half on, Molly turned short and headed for home. By the time Ellen Lou had captured her seat, the mare had broken into a run, and the girl let her go, careless of trees and branches and fallen logs that might block the way. A log to stumble and fall across or the blow of a branch in the face were not things her mind could recognize.

Her eyes kept seeing what lay beneath the snow she had re-piled against coyotes or birds or the sun till she could bring Fred. Poor little Rover! A chattering hurried in her brain; "No, no, no, I was wrong to think it of Fred! He's curled up there like he'd only laid down to catch a nap, his arm flung out, and his head resting on it—his knees bent under, like it was only sleep." Her thoughts dodged aside to escape the face, and fled away after a memory: "It's like he used to look when he'd stay in the water, when he'd swim till Ma had to come and fish him out with the rake—blue—and spots—and his flesh turned cold—only, it's worse."

The young face frozen with death and winter clung back of her eyes. She could not shut out nor ride away from that glimpse she had before she hurried a hiding of snow back over it. The eye was so sunk—that nose, like a beak, was not Bert. It *couldn't* be Bert! But she knew it *was* Bert.

She laid her face close against the plunging sorrel withers, and let Molly carry her home.

Fanny's nicker greeted them at the barn door. He was home then—they could go.

She tied Molly in the stall beside her sister. The hot mare thrust her nose impatiently into the empty manger.

"Why didn't he feed her—he likes *his* meals on time?" She crawled over the manger and forked some hay to the eager heads.

Ellen Lou shoved open the cabin door, and saw her mother standing at the stove. Fred must be out with the chores. Her mother turned, quiet-lipped, with a look of greeting, and Ellen Lou came in. She went to the bucket on the wash-stand for a drink, seeing the table in a streak of sun from the window, with its cold blue oil-cloth and its centre-piece of sugar bowl and glass vinegar cruet and spoon-glass, set for two.

"Fred's back," she gulped on her last swallow, correcting her mother's table setting, and dropped the dipper back in the bucket.

"Yes, he's back."

"I believe I'll change—feet're wet." A long stride swayed her toward the

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bedroom door. She'd be glad to sit down for a minute.

"Here, change here by the stove where it's warm. I'll get your things."

But E'Loo had already started into the bedroom. She shoved the curtain back with one hand, and stood still, looking at something lying long and still under the white sheet on the bed. For a second she wondered how they could have got Bert here so quick.

Then she knew it was Fred.

Her mind remembered the sound of her mother's voice urging, "I'll get your things."

She heard the voice again. Her mother stood close. "It ain't Fred that killed Bert," the voice grated. Then it broke away to a high pitch: "It's *Bert* that killed *Fred!*"

But Ellen Lou did not hear.

"They found him down there—" Mrs. Turner waved an arm backward. "He'd shot himself!" Her eyes pierced Ellen Lou strangely, accusingly. "They brought him home."

She turned away as if that were all. Then, "They've gone for the coroner. They want everything to be just right!" She shut her mouth on its bitter sneer, clamping her lips as if she would hold it there forever. "It'll be just right all right—with the two of them—*my two sons*—lying there on that bed—under that sheet—*together!*"

Ellen Lou turned her head a slow inch to stare at her mother. "Be just right—" her mind echoed.

Her mother's voice attacked her again, high in the strung throat: "He shot himself! Shot himself through the heart!—Oh, it ain't *his* fault—it's no fault of Fred's. It's living the way we do—nothing but mountains—where you can't see out—and your thoughts turn crazy—you can't see out till you choke!" She lifted her raw-boned hand to her throat in a strange gesture (Ellen Lou's eyes followed the hand) as if she had something stuck in her throat. "Buried in mountains—bent double with them hangin' over you—and him going back and forth with Bert in his heart—longing for his brother till he couldn't stand it—

"It wasn't *him* that killed *Bert*," she repeated, as if she would scathe her soul with saying it over and over.

E'Loo stood still. She looked at the handful of curtain she held twisted back from the doorway. She let go of it, as if to see what would happen. It fell back into its place over the doorway.

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The Literary Landscape

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

SLACKEST of slack seasons is this, for those who write of books. With less than three weeks to run, 1933 is already ended from the publisher's point of view, he having some time since seen his wares laid upon the tables of bookshops and being engaged at present, if devout, in praying for the success of things already done. As for 1934, who can say what it will bring to an eager world, either between the covers of books, or in other ways? January will see new novels by Pearl Buck and Sinclair Lewis; beyond this the offerings of the new year remain hidden in the proofsheets of publishers' new catalogues, or perhaps even farther back in the minds of authors.

This is not to say there are no good books about and, even if there were not, old ones in plenty. Fiction alone is very scarce, the outstanding new novel being Herbert Gorman's *Jonathan Bishop* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), an historical romance of genuine merit by a young man who has put a lot of solid work behind him since he wrote that Joycean piece of fiction, *Gold by Gold*. The present book centres about a young American—address, Cambridge, Massachusetts—who goes to France during the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and is witness not only to the siege of Paris, but also to the bloody days of the Commune. It is a background made to order, of course, and Mr. Gorman has taken every advantage of it to fill his pages with color and action. The scenes range from a magnificent costume ball to the slums of Belleville, and the descriptions are not only admirably done, but authentic. Saint-Just is one of the principal characters. In addition to the historical interest of the novel, Mr. Gorman has provided his readers with love and adventure in plenty, and altogether, the story is one that should interest any lover of good fiction not very definitely prejudiced against this type of book. It will be recalled that one of Mr. Gorman's fine biographies was of Dumas, and his tale recalls the swashbuckling yarns of that great romancer.

Other Good Novels

IN A recent backward glance at the fiction of the past few months, the Landscaper mentioned one of his favorites, Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*, and with few new books to talk about, takes advantage of the opportunity to suggest again that for discriminating readers this is one of the choicest of the new books. Others that ought not to be overlooked in the rush of new stuff that

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will shortly be upon us include Isabel Paterson's highly original study of middle-aged men and women, *Never Ask the End*, and Margaret Kinnan Rawlings's *South Moon Under*, the latter beyond a doubt one of the best of the regionalistic novels that has yet appeared in this country. The reason for its superiority may be very simply stated: Mrs. Rawlings is a novelist and knows by instinct that no amount of background can make up for other defects, notably poor character-drawing. Another strong appeal her tale of the Florida scrub had to this reviewer lay in her people's love of life, and in their energy and ingenuity in laying hold of enough money to be able to continue living. Intellectually, one may be entitled to question the value of life, and to say with Socrates not to be born is better, but not even the gloomiest of us could deny that there is something attractive about human beings who are frankly glad to be alive, to whom being alive means more than anything else. The real sickness of this age is that not many people are glad to be alive, although there are a good many who are, or else the suicide statistics would be climbing even faster than they have been for the past two or three years.

Out of the Ordinary

ANOTHER more recent novel referred to here once before, but which a second reading convinces the Landscaper is worth another reference, is Foxhall Daingerfield's *Mrs. Haney*, a shortish book about a poor-white woman and how she not only battled with life, but won, and enjoyed herself while she was at it. There are many admirable things about this novel, which lingers with a curious vividness in the memory, but one of its most striking points is the exactness with which the psychological changes in Mrs. Haney are suggested, until the mild and gentle creature who can not bear to kill a chicken is willing and able to use an axe on a human being. This makes the story sound rather grewsome, which it is in a manner of speaking, not only grewsome, but very touching at times, and in spite of all this, a cheerful book. How it can be all these things at once the Landscaper would rather leave to the reader to discover, but whatever its tone, it is a good piece of work, good enough to make one feel a keen sense of regret that its author was dead before it ever saw publication. It rates a place very easily among the distinguished novels of 1933.

Atheists and Eggs

IF THE fiction shelves are skimpy, there is at least variety among the books of non-fiction. Side by side the Landscaper found a book on atheism and a book on eggs. Not far away was a book on how to enjoy poetry, and three books on the effect of motion pictures upon the young of this country. . . . And so it goes, a ceaselessly fascinating picture of the wide-ranging human mind, such as every bookshelf is bound to be. Dr. D. M. Brooks is the author of the volume on atheism, which is called *The Necessity for Atheism* (Freethought Press Association, $2.50), and which makes out a very fine case against religion. He believes that the world would be a much better place to live in if it adopted the ethics of atheism in place of the ethics of Christianity or of any other religion, and one of his most interesting chapters is made up of quotations from leaders of modern thought, ranging from Whitehead to Einstein, and including Mencken, Lippmann,

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Dewey and Barnes, Harry Elmer. His charges against the church are familiar, and in many cases irrefutable: your atheist always has the advantage of this kind of argument because the history of the human race is at the same time religious history, or in other words, the ethics of religion has been given a long, practical trial, while the ethics of atheism has rarely been tested, and never used at all by any large masses of human beings. His book is temperate and reasonable, however; very often the atheist is as hot in the collar about his dogma as any member of an evangelical sect, and quite as tiresome.

The Romance of Eggs

THE book on eggs strikes the Landscaper as rather more useful than the learned treatise of Dr. Brooks, although the remark is made without any particular prejudice against atheism or its ethics. It is, as a matter of fact, two books, or two volumes in a box, sent out by the Institute of American Poultry Industries. Volume I is entitled *Whence Come Our Eggs and Poultry*, and does not, as some people might expect, consist entirely of descriptions of chain grocery stores, and Volume II is called *The Best of Food: Eggs and Poultry*, and contains pages and pages of recipes, including a number from ancient days, one of which reveals the white-plumed Henry of Navarre as the author of the crack about a chicken in every pot. Henry not only wished his followers to have the chicken, but furnished them with information on how to cook it, which is a point the Republicans overlooked, although, of course, it would have been possible for any one with the chicken to write to the proper bureau in Washington and find out what to do with it.

The first book contains a good history of the development of the American strains of chickens, and some excellent plates of early cock-fights—we might never have enjoyed fried chicken and cold-storage eggs for breakfast if roosters hadn't been so pugnacious, for in the early days this was the principal value of the chicken family. There is also much other information to be gleaned, such as the location of the largest chicken farms, the best-laying breeds and the best for meat, artificial incubation, etc. There are a number of contributors, but the principal ones seem to be Mary Engle Pennington, Frank L. Platt, Clara Gebhardt Snyder and Paul Mandeville. One of these authorities states flatly and finally that there is no difference between the contents of a white and a brown egg, and with this scientific information before us, we feel certain that housewives in different parts of the country will continue to be willing to pay a premium for whatever color they prefer. Perhaps this notice of the book on eggs is not so literary as it might be, but the books themselves are quite well-written, besides being informative, and anybody with as much of an agricultural background as the Landscaper is certain to enjoy them. They hereby take their place on the recommended list.

All About Sharks!

A BOOK of much wider appeal, however, deals with sharks in all their aspects. It is called *Shark! Shark!* and subtitled *The Thirty-year Odyssey of a Shark Hunter*, by Captain William E. Young, as told to Horace E. Mazet (Gotham House, $4). There is also a foreword by the Count Felix Von Luckner. Captain Young, as one might gather from the foregoing, has put in

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the better part of a lifetime in pursuit of sharks and shark-lore, and the book is a compendium of a combined sport and commercial enterprise. All the waters of the seas, says Captain Young, are full of sharks, only most of them go about their business without ever interfering in the slightest with the affairs of human beings. The evidence of this authority upon the much discussed question of whether or not sharks ever attack human beings is quite positive; in Australia, they certainly do. Also they remain bloodthirsty after they have been hooked, hit on the head, and practically put to death, as Captain Young knows, having very nearly lost a leg on the deck of one of his vessels. Shark's brains are small and well-concealed.

One may learn from this abundantly illustrated volume just about all there is to know on the subject. There are dozens of varieties of sharks, some of them sixty feet long. . . . It is the sawfish, not the swordfish, that goes after sharks, and a shark is afraid of a large octopus, which invariably wins a long drawn-out battle. . . . Captain Young has had a grand life getting together all these stray bits of information, a life that has taken him from one end of the earth to the other, and his adventures make excellent reading, aside from the amount of information to be derived from perusing his book, which is that rarest of volumes, something really unusual. The decorations are by Helen Sewell, and the layout of the book is first-rate. There is a limited edition for $15, bound in genuine sharkskin.

Cream of the Crop

THIS is a roundabout route the Landscaper has taken to reach what is without a doubt the most important of the books that lie before him, Ralph Roeder's *The Man of the Renaissance* (Viking, $3.50), some five hundred pages, well illustrated, of as rich and engaging reading as you will strike in a long time. Faults there may be, such as some purple patches, and occasional misplaced emphasis, but one is very willing to forgive minor faults in so abundant a feast as Mr. Roeder's fine scholarship offers. Taking for his four "lawgivers" Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione and Aretino, he has built up bit by bit a magnificent mosaic of as thrilling a period as has ever existed in human history. Whatever inclination the opinionated may have to quarrel with the selection of these four men as representative of the Renaissance, there is no denying that Mr. Roeder has brought each one vividly to life, and that he has been equally as successful in his brilliant painting of background. With a book as good and as important as this, there is, unfortunately, not much middle ground between writing a long critical essay and hitting only the highest of the high spots, but the Landscaper feels no hesitation in saying that this volume belongs high on the list of the 1933 publications for its lasting value; it makes a genuine contribution to an understanding of the times, but what is perhaps more of interest to the general reader it is steadily entertaining. It was chosen by one of the book clubs, and it is very hard to imagine any displeased subscribers. Mr. Roeder's biography of Savonarola was a promise of what he could do; he has realized the promise in his new book. One bows low to so charming a combination of erudition and scholarship with skill and grace, and forgives with all readiness an occasional baroque flourish.

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Mr. Rascoe's Prometheans

BURTON RASCOE, whose informal history of literature was often mentioned by the Landscaper—*Titans of Literature*—upon its appearance, is once more with us, this time with a slim volume called *Prometheans* (Putnam, $2.75), which is evidently only a small part of a projected consideration of the fire-bringers. Whether Mr. Rascoe wearied of the idea for the book before it was finished, or just what happened, is probably not a reviewer's business, but there is very little comparison in any way between this book and *Titans*, the latter a delightful adventure into the realms of interpretative criticism and biography with one of the best living guides. Mr. Rascoe's Prometheans are Saint Mark, who receives the lion's share of attention, almost one-third of the book, Petronius, Lucian, Apuleius, Nietzsche, Lawrence, Dreiser and Cabell. The essay on Saint Mark is entertainingly done, but has very little to say about Saint Mark; most of it is made up of Mr. Rascoe's ideas about Jesus Christ. Of the other pieces, the Landscaper found the one on Lucian most to his taste. The essays on Dreiser and Cabell are sound and good to read also, as might be expected. Some of the others, notably the one on Nietzsche, are of little importance. Also the publishers have padded the book by almost every known device. If you, gentle reader, are thinking of buying it, and do not own a copy of *Titans*, dig up another dollar and buy the earlier volume. . . .

On the Old Plantation

PROCEEDING with this examination of miscellaneous publications, it gives the Landscaper pleasure to recommend a book of South Carolina plantation life by Julia Peterkin and Doris Ullman, called *Roll, Jordan, Roll* (Ballou, $3.50), the text by Mrs. Peterkin and the splendid photographs by Miss Ullman. There is, one hears, a de luxe edition with many more photographs, signature, etc., which sells for $25, and ought to be worth the money. Mrs. Peterkin's work as an interpreter of Gullah Negroes to the civilized world is perhaps too well known to call for much comment; from *Green Thursday* to *Bright Skin* she has never faltered in her mission of making these primitive people humanly understandable. In the new book she has written some 250 pages of text, which Miss Ullman's photographs illustrate to perfection. Together they cover every phase of life on the plantation, which may be recognized as Mrs. Peterkin's own, near Fort Motte, and which has appeared in her books under the pseudonym of Blue Brook. There are remarkable sketches of personalities, with portraits; there are chapters of Gullah lore, records of superstitions and discussions of spirituals, tales of the supernatural, and a splendid variety of material, all handled with Mrs. Peterkin's rare skill and understanding.

It is needless to say that such a record is bound to be of permanent value, for eventually change is bound to find its way even into this quiet backwater where life follows an ante-bellum pattern to this day. But aside from the possible importance of the book to the future, it makes excellent reading, and Miss Ullman's contribution is of great importance. Occasionally the photographs seem blurred, probably for the artistic effect, but in general they are not only beautiful but full of meaning as well.

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Every-Day London Life

It is a longish jump from the coast country of South Carolina to the world's greatest city, and yet there is a similarity between *Roll, Jordan, Roll,* and a new book about London, *We Explore London,* by Jan and Cora Gordon (McBride, $2.75). Both books strive to reach the heart of something; the Gordons were not content to do a conventional book about London, and so set out to discover its real people. There are many sketches of the life of the city itself, and a most delightful account of the people, as human a lot as ever existed. Your Cockney may remain as much of a xenophobe as ever, but both he and those of his fellows who mind their aitches won their way into the affections of this wanderer a long time ago; there are no better-mannered or more agreeable people in the world than the run-of-the-mine in London. The Gordons have gone into the matter a good deal deeper than those of us who are casual visitors, and their book is not only charming to read, but a genuine contribution to the understanding of a metropolis whose hold grows upon those who love it with every moment they spend in it, or away from it, for that matter. Those who know something of London will like the Gordon volume; those who do not will like it and understand it better for having read the book.

A Book of Authors

A useful, and at the same time, entertaining book is *Authors Today and Yesterday* by Stanley J. Kunitz, assisted by Howard Haycraft and Wilbur C. Hadden (H. W. Wilson Company). Mr. Kunitz did not write the book, nor did his assistants; it is made up for the most part of autobiographies, and just about everybody you ever heard of is included. The sketches are quite informal. Kay Boyle, for example, declares she doesn't like big cities, small towns and Edward Titus. Stuart Chase doesn't like Mr. Charlie Mitchell. [Mr. Titus runs a bookshop in the Rue Delambre, just back of the Café du Dôme, Paris; Mr. Mitchell used to run a bank in New York—Ed.] Erskine Caldwell doesn't like to read books. Laura Riding admires no one except Juan Marroig in Deya, Mallorca, who takes care of the electric light plant, and thinks everybody else is either a fool or a villain. This is enough for a sample of a valuable volume; read further it may reveal whom your favorite author doesn't like.

A New G. Washington

John C. Fitzpatrick, author of *George Washington: Colonial Traveller,* published a year or so ago, and editor of the definitive edition of Washington's writings now being prepared under the auspices of the United States Bicentennial Commission, has written a complete, full-length biography of the Father of His Country, using his own writings as the main source. Mr. Fitzpatrick contends that most of the many lives that have been written are not soundly based, since their authors had access to only a small part of Washington's letters, and he has set to work with great care to repair the omission. He lays much greater stress upon Washington's earlier days than do most of the biographies, his explanation being that this, after all, was the period when the character of the man was being formed. His book is called *George Washington Himself* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). Such historians as James Trus-

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low Adams are among those who have paid tribute to the work of Mr. Fitzpatrick; the Landscaper can testify that he has written a most interesting narrative, which has the ring of authenticity, and which is certainly of far greater importance than the spate of "popular" Washington biographies that have been turned out by all sorts of hacks in the last few years.

This is the outstanding biography of the moment, although the Landscaper who has long cherished a great admiration for its author would like also to call attention to Philips Russell's *William the Conqueror* (Scribner, $3.50), a fine biography with a fully done historical background that not only does its subject justice, but illuminates the entire period. Mr. Russell has written about John Paul Jones, about Franklin, about Emerson, and has never failed to turn out an interesting piece of work, both well done and scholarly. He has a wide range, obviously, and very genuine gifts as a biographer; the Landscaper would be loath to miss any book from his typewriter.

Senator Long's Story

Of autobiography, the solitary representative is *Every Man a King* by Huey P. Long (National Book Company, Inc., New Orleans, La.), a curious hodge-podge of fact and apologetics from the famous Louisiana Kingfisher. Senator Long says he has accomplished wonders for his native State, and has pictures to prove it, including many of improved highways for which he naturally takes all the credit. He also contends that he is the victim of the Capitalists, who don't like him because he wants to redistribute the wealth of the country; it is they who have spread unpleasant stories about him, and helped to make him the laughing-stock of the country. He was born in a log cabin, although he is not yet forty years old; this in itself is an answer to all the allegations of his critics. The truth is Long is a back country idol, cut off the same block as dozens of other Southern representatives and senators; blabmouthed blatherskites with loud voices and a certain amount of low cunning who make suckers out of the hillbilly and red-neck element with an ease that ought to make them despise themselves. He is the veritable symbol of pure democracy in this enlightened country of ours, and it is as a phenomenon of this variety that he needs to be studied and analyzed. There is no space here to go very deeply into the matter, and time only to shed a tear for the vanishing aristocratic tradition in the South, which with the help of conventions used to send good men to Washington. What really hurts is that numerically the Huey Longs are genuinely representative of the States that give them office.

The Wicked Movies

Sociologists, educators and parents who wish to find out what effect promiscuous visiting of motion pictures is having upon the younger generation will be interested in the progress of a series of studies in this field that is being made under the auspices of the Payne Fund of New York City. Three volumes have been added recently: *Movies, Delinquency and Crime* by Herbert Blumer, associate professor of sociology of the University of Chicago, and Philip M. Hauser, instructor in sociology of the same institution; *Movies and Conduct* by Dr. Blumer; and *How to Appreciate Motion Pictures: A Manual of Motion Picture Criticism Prepared for High School Students,* by Edgar Dale,

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research professor of the bureau of educational research, Ohio State University. Macmillan is the publisher. The first of the three is made up of a large number of case histories of delinquents, together with interpretative comment, the second of case histories of normal college students who were questioned concerning the influence of the movies upon their lives, and the third is intended to help students understand the movies and to seek higher standards. The Landscaper is frankly skeptical of any effort to explain delinquency and crime by the influence of the movies, since it is obvious that boys and girls went wrong before the birth of the kinetoscope, much less the motion picture palace, but there is much of real interest in many of these case histories, much to show that particularly in the case of adolescents, the movies are having a direct and immediate effect upon the morals of the nation's youngsters. This is the first attempt to study the question scientifically and out of the whole survey will doubtless come some suggestions; what they will be it is hard to foresee. Perhaps each generation has to be exposed to the evils of its generation; certainly censorship is not so effective as it would seem. It would all be simpler if we were not so closely related to monkeys, sharing their taste for mimetics.

The Use of Poetry

As a result of his recent visit to this country, where he delivered the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard University, T. S. Eliot has become the author of *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism: Studies in the Relation of Criticism and Poetry in England* (Harvard University Press, $2), a slender volume that embodies the material of the lectures. The book makes excellent reading for any one interested in the subject, and the Landscaper wishes there were space for a more detailed discussion, although such a wish brings the threat of deep and stormy waters to an inexperienced sailor. The Landscaper has never caught up with modern poetry, and goes around wincing for days when one of his old-fashioned favorites is ripped to pieces by some young gentleman with one or perhaps two utterly incoherent, but thank God, slim volumes to his credit. But no matter how unintelligible Mr. Eliot may be in his poetry, he writes, or talks, clear and understandable prose, and there is much that is deeply suggestive in these lectures.

As for poetry itself, nothing has been said here before about the *Collected Poems* of William Butler Yeats, now available from Macmillan's, and containing some of the loveliest of verse that has been written in our time. Also recently published is *Selected Poems* of Oliver St. John Gogarty (Macmillan, $2) with forewords by A. E. and Horace Reynolds, and even if the poems were not so deliciously fresh and original as they are, the book would be worth having for these two essays.

Laughs Ahead

Word has just reached the Landscaper that a genuinely amusing novel will be available by the time this is published, and with novels of this variety as rare as they are and as badly needed, no time is lost in passing along the information. The book is *L'Affaire Jones*, the author Hillel Bernstein, and the publisher Stokes. The scene is France, where a young and unsophisticated American becomes entangled with French officialdom, and advance reports are that the book is a riot.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott Fisher

One of the joys of travel is to discover for yourself some new-old wonder of a place that bids fair to eclipse all the others you have seen. Visby, on the Swedish island of Gothland is such a treasured place. From the Fifth to the Fifteenth Centuries it was a Mecca for the Vikings, the greatest travelers of their age, and in those days travelers had to be travelers.

Gothland of the Vikings

Vikings from Gothland sailed their fleets down the Volga and the Dnieper and carried on a thriving trade with Arabs in Central Asia and even with the Greeks in Byzantium. Keen traders as well as insatiable travelers and fighters, it has been estimated that these yellow-haired giants during the height of their power never had less than forty thousand men at sea. Ancient coins from Arabia, Rome, Britain and even India and China are still being unearthed in Gothland, attesting the prowess of these early, if predatory collectors, and lending to the Island of Gothland far more than ordinary interest to the traveler, particularly if he have archeological leanings. The Vikings had a strong weakness for beautiful Irish wives and fine Irish linen. Forays for this purpose frequently took them in consequence to Ireland, and when you see many of the ancient objects which have been unearthed in Gothland, you will notice decided traces of this ancient Irish influence.

Visby During the Middle Ages

Gothland, however, did not languish with the passing of the Vikings. During the Middle Ages, under the ægis of the powerful and wealthy Hanseatic League, Visby, Gothland's chief town, rose to its greatest eminence. At one time it held the leading position among all the Hansa towns, which included Lübeck, Antwerp, Bremen, Novgorod, Nuremburg, Riga, Revel, Stockholm and Bergen, an enviable record even in those days. Their powerful fleet covered the North and Baltic Seas, and eventually gained such renown that it is said that Visby gave England her ancient sea code, the statutes which were obeyed for many centuries and formed the foundation for the maritime laws of the civilized world. The principal interest for the traveler today in Visby lies in its medieval ruins, its massive crenelated wall with thirty-seven towers, gabled houses which tradition tells us once boasted window frames of solid silver, and its ruined Gothic churches, the great upward sweep of whose lines still point staunchly skyward. A delightful climate adds attractiveness to this charming Baltic retreat where roses grow in such profusion that Visby has gained for herself the alluring title of "City of Roses and Ruins." It is in high favor as a bathing and health resort—its fine beaches and sunshine, its restfulness and beauty attracting many.

"Stockholm Between the Bridges"

Though Gothland seems a place apart, the very boats and airplanes which carry you to the richly romantic past of Gothland and Visby bring you back to Stockholm—as modern and gay a city as any in Europe. But up-to-the-minute as Stockholm is, it also clings to remnants of its past, particularly in that section of the city known as "Stockholm between the bridges." There ancient mansions wear the gabled roofs and small windows of the Seventeenth and even of the Fifteenth Centuries. The Royal Palace brings its architecture nearer our own times with its Italian Renaissance design planned by Tessin the younger. Behind the Palace lies the Great Market where the flower of Sweden's knighthood was ruthlessly decapitated by Christian the Tyrant. Close by the Palace you come upon the Storkyrka, the "Great Church," some portions of which were erected during the time of Birger Jarl, Stockholm's Thirteenth Century founder. But of all these buildings none possesses quite the same attraction as that gem-like structure, the Rid-

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darhuset, "House of the Knights," which with the Town Hall contributes largely to Sweden's architectural eminence.

Stockholm is famous for its cafés where meals begin properly with a grand outlay of tasty *smörgåsbord*, literally many kinds of *hors d'œuvres*, and continue with an array of the more substantial courses which could only be created by people who are great eaters.

Through the Swedish Countryside

TRAVEL in Sweden offers much in the way of variety. Skane is the Swedish châteaux country, a southern province genuinely hospitable. In Värmland you hear of and meet lovely women. The Lake region around Stockholm is an intriguing vacation land, and the wild skerries, as they call the islands which fringe the coast, each holds a secret all its own. Between January and March the frozen bays take on a different aspect, for these are the days of skate-sailing races, and excitement runs high. At this time, too, Saltsjöbaden, the popular Swedish summer resort, makes way for winter sports, and is a centre for ski races and ice yachting. Stockholm also concerns itself with winter sports and the International Sports Federation Congress is scheduled for a meeting there this coming August.

Dalecarlia, the land of the dale folk, abounds in weeds, lakes and dales, and here you find many of the conservative peasants retaining their ancient customs and wearing entirely without self-consciousness their old-fashioned picturesque costumes. Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter, had a deep appreciation of the old costumes and has given us portraits of these fresh sturdy peasants gay in their bright-colored clothes.

To Lapland for the Easter Market

EASTER is an interesting time to pay a visit to Lapland, for then these strange little people of the North gather for their great market and to celebrate weddings, baptisms and funerals, the latter because until this season the ground has been so frozen that no burials could take place. As the summer draws on, however, the climate of Lapland is quite agreeable and the temperature comparatively high, even though the country lies well north of the Arctic Circle. If you can arrange to be in Lapland between the end of June and August, you may take part in one of the most exciting bits of sport in the world by shooting the rapids on the rushing Torne Älv. This is one of the largest rivers in Lapland. You motor out from Kiruna, the great Swedish mining town, to Jukkasjärvi and go by motorboat as far as Luspaforsen where the fun commences and the greatest skill imaginable is requisite to bring you through the dangerous rapids.

Mountain climbing in Lapland is also great sport, the season in Jämtland beginning about the middle of July and carrying on until the end of August. If you are a novice at mountain climbing you can learn many of its secrets at Wilhelmina in Lapland where you may take a course in mountaineering by means of skis and sleighs drawn by dogs. This sounds complicated but engaging. If, however, you do not aspire to anything quite so energetic, you may find equal contentment in basking in the light of the Midnight Sun, which is most impressive in Abisko. Lapland has been made more widely attractive to the tourist through the accomplishments of the Swedish Tourist Association in establishing hotels and rest houses at advantageous points. This is a part of Sweden no experienced traveler will hesitate to make his own, and wherever you go in Sweden you encounter the same unfailing spirit of friendly kindliness to welcome you or speed you on your way.

Seven South African Sights

WHEN you plan your itinerary for a South African trip, seven stupendous sights, none of which you would miss for a fortune, hurl themselves immediately into place on your schedule. They allow you no choice. You must certainly see them all if you are to know your South Africa: Victoria Falls; Zimbabwe, the temple of mystery; the Rand Gold fields; the Premier Mine, the biggest "pipe" diamond occurrence in the world; Kruger National Park, the great wild animal sanctuary; the Bushmen, ethnologically the oldest of all surviving races; and the Cango Caves. All the rest of South Africa is thrown in for good measure, as it were, and a tremendous proposition it is. Not alone the country, but the social aspects as well—the different races, Dutch, English, Asiatic and native, weaving their diversified points of view into the many-hued garment of civilization. These lend to the land

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that heterogeneous group of problems eternally raised by the human equation, that make one country ceaselessly interesting to another.

One problem the railroads in South Africa have solved for you is how to get around to see all these great sights. Vast as the territory is, and varied, it is drawn into one complete unit by the slim silver thread of the South African Government Railways, and though we still are inclined to think of South Africa as a land with a good many wild animals roaming round more or less, it is a far cry from the day when one of the women settlers sat on her baggage on the sands of Algoa Bay and bewailed the chance of their being eaten by lions. Yet that was but a short century ago. Motor roads are also excellent and offer opportunity for more intimate glimpses of the country that might otherwise seem remote.

Along the Garden Route

THE "Garden Route," as it is called, which traverses the country between Mossel Bay and Oudtshoorn, touching at George, Wilderness and Knysna, offers characteristic variety to the traveler whether he go by motor or train. Vasco de Gama was one of the first white men to see Mossel Bay, about five years after Columbus first laid eyes on us. Later when Camoens wrote his great Portuguese epic, *Las Lusiads*, he drew on the incidents of de Gama's voyage for some of his material. Here he gives us the first printed description of the Cape, which according to Mickle's translation reads in part:

Appall'd, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the fleet he tower'd,
And 'thwart our way with sullen aspect lower'd:

Table Mountain and the Cape appear to have been a fearsome place to the Portuguese, but a century later Sir Francis Drake unqualifiedly declared, "T'is the fairest and grandest Cape I've seen in the whole circumfrance of the earth." All of which goes to show the importance of a point of view.

Mossel Bay is a natural seaside resort, one of the rare places on the African coast that boasts a perfect swimming pool made by Nature in a cleft in the rocks. It wears a good Dutch name—the Poort. Out in the bend of the bay, Seal Island with its rocky ledges serves as a sanctuary for a huge colony of sea-lions and penguins. Sea-lions and penguins make an alluring combination for any island, so remember when you reach Mossel Bay on your travels to board the sturdy little tug that plies regularly between the mainland and Seal Island and have a close-up of these slippery seals and stately penguins. Another excursion to take when you are not swimming or playing golf in this genial resort, is to a number of caves hidden away along the rocky coast just beyond Cape St. Blaize.

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The George-Knysna Forest

THE next stop along this Garden Route is in the serene little town of George where you can almost fancy yourself back in England. Although only thirty-two miles from Mossel Bay by rail, they seem centuries apart in concept. George welcomes the world that comes to see it through avenues of gnarled oaks and snares them in the enchantment of gracious gardens. This sweet old-world town only pretends to be a city. It assumes such proportions merely because it is the seat of a bishopric and therefore ecclesiastically a city. But those who love it never want George to be other than it is.

Behind it rise the Outeniqua Mountains and

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twenty minutes' walk from the centre of town will see you in the recesses of a stately forest, listening to the songs of gaily-colored birds, the murmuring of rivers, the sighing of soft winds. This forest land extends to Knysna, which is at the edge of the largest stretch of indigenous forest in South Africa. The George-Knysna forests are closely associated with the Rex family whose descendants are frequently encountered in that part of the world. George Rex, its progenitor, a handsome old Hanoverian, built his house near the village of Knysna where he arrived from Capetown with sixteen ox-wagons, a hundred slaves, furniture and stores. Some say that George Rex was the son of Hannah Lightfoot, the "fair Quakeress," and the Royal House of England. Dorothea Fairbridge confirms the story in her book, *The Pilgrims Way in South Africa* where she writes: "The proofs of the story are incontestable and I know of one man who has seen a medallion, bearing the head of George IV on one side and the Royal arms on the other, with the inscription, 'To our dear son George Rex' and 'Though lost to memory dear.'" All of which adds its touch of romance to the serene little town of George and the great forests around Knysna—the country he settled.

Into the Cango Caves

THIS Garden Route has as its climax the grandeur of the Cango Caves, near Oudtshoorn, a subterranean garden of stalactites and stalagmites grown grotesque and fantastic in gloom and silence. It seems like a series of rock gardens dusted with the star-dust of centuries. No one knows how far this labyrinth extends, for no exit has yet been discovered, yet from the freshness of the air one reaches the conclusion that the outlet is there, though hidden in impenetrable depths. Its entrance was discovered quite by chance when a farmer named Van Zyl, while following a wounded buck with his dog, saw it vanish into the earth. The dog, keen on his quarry, followed, barking furiously, until finally all sounds of the chase were lost in the muffled depths of earth. Old Van Zyl trailed them with a lighted candle, but nobody knows what the adventurous old Dutchman thought when he found himself in the glittering chamber which lies near the entrance to the cavern. If he had only had the reporting instinct! But he did tell the world about the caves and now a whole series of rooms is open to you, cleverly lighted so you may see their uncanny beauty. The caves have been penetrated for several miles. None of the rooms, however, is more significant than that near the entrance which bears on its wall a precious Bushman painting, apparently a hunting scene. These primeval South Africans were cavemen and hunters, and when you have seen this record of these ancient people you have come very near touching the heart of Africa, a fitting climax to any journey.

Ahoy for the Bahamas!

MOTOR vessel every fortnight for Abaco, Harbour Island, Eleuthera!

Motor vessel every fortnight for Grand Bahama, Bimini, Rum Cay!

Motor vessel every three weeks for Ragged Island, every four weeks for Mayaguana!

These Out Islands of the Bahamas—mere dots and dashes on the sea—read like a cruise of the *Jolly Rodger*. Nevertheless, they put a good two or three weeks between you and letters, telephone calls and the same familiar round of people. This is something to think about when you set your heart on a winter vacation—a real change.

You begin by going down to Nassau, which by way of contrast to the Out Islands keeps you in touch with all points by radio telephone. The pleasant sixty-hour sail from New York is part of the fun. Of course Nassau itself with its English colonial ways is endlessly pleasant. Its luxurious hotels and those of more modest character provide everything in the way of comfort, gaiety and entertainment.

When Nassau Thronged With Pirates

RATHER regretfully you learn of all the goings-on you missed in Nassau when she was more popular with pirates than pleasure-seekers. Can you imagine the gardens of the New Colonial Hotel swarming with those fast-living gentlemen of the Main? It was there the site of Old Fort Nassau where Woodes Rodgers accepted the surrender of two hundred pirates and hanged those who refused to quit their nefarious trade. What a day to have missed!

But we take our sport a little less bloodthirstily these days, and a holiday in Nassau

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offers you golf, tennis, yachting, fishing, swimming, exploring to your heart's content—really enough excitement for anybody. These sports are enhanced by the climate of the Bahamas, which is generally regarded as one of the colony's greatest assets, particularly between November and May. You will slip into the seat of a bicycle, too, with enthusiasm after you have been in Nassau for a while, and though you may totter about a bit at the first try, before long you will find yourself spinning along over the smooth roads with a skill that surprises you. A bicycle lets you be as whimsical as you please—dally in sequestered lanes that lead nowhere, stop to lean idly over a garden wall to catch the perfume of mignonette and English roses, or pedal energetically to the rise of a gentle hill from whose summit you blink at the sun-washed turquoise sea.

Shopping in Nassau combines the unique features of being both alluring and inexpensive. Linens, woolens, perfumes and toilet articles are imported from Europe, and because duties are low and merchants in Nassau fair-minded in their business dealings, you can make your purchases at prices that appear ridiculously reasonable. In the Out Islands, if you are alert to the simple beauty of native crafts, you can often find interesting examples, particularly in hand-tooled ironwork which still comes from old forges such as those which blazed during the American Revolution.

Discovering the Out Islands

THIS brings us again to the Out Islands, the local designation of all the islands of the colony other than the Island of New Providence on which Nassau is situated. There are nearly seven hundred islands, islets or cays, not to mention some two thousand rocks, in this group, and twenty-five are inhabited. In these Out Islands you find people living much as the first settlers did in the early days of the Carolinas and Virginia. Respect their simple way of life and with their confidence, which you thus gain, they may bring forth their treasures—rare bits of old glass, bric-a-brac and furniture brought by the Loyalists from the old American Colonies. For in the heyday of the clipper ships from Boston and Nantucket thriving towns ringed the bays and white sails scudded into the shelter of the harbors that now watch for motor vessels every fortnight.

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Tours among these islands with their endless opportunities for sport on land and sea for those who love the wilds can be arranged in Nassau and the necessary outfit obtained. Going to the Out Islands means different clothes—a sun helmet, your old khaki hunting outfit, a bathing suit, sleeping bag, your own towels and soap and distilled drinking water. Now you know the kind of a time you are in for. And of course your gun and plenty of fishing tackle. All through the islands you will find the Union Jack, the established residency and the law, order and discipline they stand for wherever you go. You will be safe and can secure competent guides. You will be advised, and you must heed advice. The seamen bred on these coasts are intrepid men. They are available as guides for boar hunting, as well as for pilots at sea, and their homes are hospitably open to the stranger.

Eleuthera, Harbour Island and Abaco are among the better known of the Out Islands and already a number of wealthy Americans who winter in the Bahamas have established homes in these primitive and wholly unspoiled islands. Indeed it takes Americans of this character to

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appreciate fully the advantages of such really secluded retreats.

Germany Prepares for the Olympic Games

THE next Olympic Winter Games will be held in Germany in the Bavarian Alps in 1936. Preparations for the great event are going forward even now so as to allow ample time for the Olympiad bobsled run to be thoroughly tried out. St. M. Zentzytzki, who was the engineer for America's first bobsleigh course for the Winter Olympiad at Lake Placid in 1932, has constructed the one to be used for the Olympiad in Germany at Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

The first crucial test given this course will be on January 27 and 28 when the world championship for four-seaters will be run there in connection with International Bobsleigh Week. The European toboggan championship will also be run in Germany this season in the Spa Ilmenau in Thuringia on February 4.

So keen is interest in winter sports in Germany that great crowds are expected at the National Winter Sports Championships, which will be decided during the week of January 26 to February 4 in Braunlage and Schierke in the Harz Mountains, while the contest for the national ski championship will be held in conjunction with the army winter sports competitions, February 7 to 12 in Berchtesgaden. Ski-runners and ski-jumpers will meet for international competitions on February 1, 3, 4, and on March 25 in Garmisch-Partenkirchen; on February 13 in Bad Reichenhall, and on February 25 in Altenburg in the Erzgebirge.

East Prussia also has its share of sports events, for the ice sailing championships are being run on Schwenzait Lake near Angerburg from February 21 to 25.

A twenty-five per cent reduction in railroad fares for foreign visitors in Germany during 1934 makes travel there, from one winter sport centre to another, particularly attractive this winter.

Winter Sports in Austria

AUSTRIA is also a popular mecca for winter visitors, and it is interesting to note that almost as many tourists go there in the winter as during the summer months. As soon as the snow descends in the Austrian Alps an army of winter sports enthusiasts from all parts of the world gathers there. Everywhere is the spirit of good-fellowship and the echoes of merry sleigh-bells mingle with the joyous cries of the skiers in St. Anton, Kitzbuehel, Zell am See and Semmering.

Those who prefer their winter sports mixed with sophistication find the gay atmosphere of Vienna to their liking. Here you may spend your days skiing in the Alpine foothills of the Vienna forest, and the mountains Rax and Semmering, or perhaps ice-skating at the well-known Vienna rinks, and in the evening enjoy the music at one of the world's most illustrious opera houses, or go to some of the famous coffee houses, strongholds of Vienna's *Gemütlichkeit*.

Canadian Snow Carnivals

JUST over the border Quebec and Banff dominate the Canadian winter sports scene this winter. Banff's Annual Winter Carnival is staged from January 31 to February 4. Besides the ski-jumping contests on Mt. Norquay, the programme includes many "pioneer" features such as cutter races on the frozen Bow River, and the building of the Queen's ice palace by the younger athletes and elder townsfolk. February, March and April will see the Annual Camp of the Ski-Runners of the Canadian Rockies arranging their daily treks through the mountain fastnesses of Lake Louise and Banff.

On February 23, 24 and 25 the great Dog-sled Derby of 120 miles will be run in three daily laps of forty miles at Quebec. This race attracts the greatest "mushers" of North America. They include such figures as the veteran Leonhard Seppala of Alaska, the youthful Emile St. Godard of Le Pas, Earle Brydges of Lethbridge, Shorty Russick of Chicago and Georges Chevrette of Quebec. February 25 will also see the exciting ice-canoe race across the St. Lawrence from Levis to Quebec and return. Usually there are a dozen or more craft with iron-bound bottoms, competing in this event. Each boat is manned by brawny paddlers, who propel their canoes past the dangerous bergs and floes of drifting ice, with the swift skill and deft handling that invariably characterize French *coureur de bois*, while all Quebec lines the river's shores and upper Dufferin Terrace to watch the sport and cheer them on.

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(*Continued from page III*)

It is too soon, of course, correctly to appraise the habits of the American people under their new régime, but some forecasts, or intelligent guesses, can be safely made.

The most sanguine liquor dealers have been amazed by the extent of the business they are doing. Liquor retailers find their stores swamped. The more popular hotel bars are turning people away every afternoon. Restaurants are selling cocktails and wines at lunch time to people who never before dreamed of drinking in the middle of the day. Bottle-makers, malt-makers, furniture-makers, alcohol-makers and many others are doing a thriving business. There is a spirit of gaiety which is influencing people not only to buy cocktails but also clothes, jewelry, automobiles, furniture and even houses. There are, of course, many difficult problems in connection with Prohibition, but there is reason to believe that on the whole, both the Federal authorities and most of the local authorities are going about solving them in an intelligent way. Whatever mistakes the President has made in other directions, he deserves nothing but praise for his intelligent and courageous attitude towards liquor.

Bonds

DURING the last year the high grade bond market has on several occasions been subject to sudden sinking spells, due to the fear that inflation would destroy the value of fixed income obligations. On each of these occasions, however, the market has recovered abruptly in short while. At some time or other during the Congressional session, there will, almost surely, be another of these sinking spells, but I don't think that holders of high grade bonds need be fearful of a collapse of the market value of their securities in the near future. There are a number of medium grade bonds which have attractive possibilities and which can be picked up at favorable prices during sinking spells in the bond market.

Stocks

ALTHOUGH the base is probably laid for a recovery move in the spring, it is not likely that the market will show very much strength while Congress is in session. It would be a hardy operator who undertook an extensive campaign in the face of Congressional frowns.

There is one class of securities, however, which has been in disfavor for such a long time that it must be approaching that point where nobody favors it, and all of the bad news is out—I mean, of course, the utilities. There are some pretty bad systems, and there is a good deal of water to be squeezed out of others, but there are also some sound, conservatively managed operating companies, serving their communities efficiently and earning profits for their owners. I believe that the time is at hand to look for bargains in this field, and invest, on a sound basis, in the largest industry in existence today.

Conclusion

WHEN you read of fantastic proposals from the floors of Congress, remember that the average Congressman does not mean everything he says, and also remember that you can count on the fickleness of the American people. We have seen, only this year, that we are capable of swinging from one extreme to the other—we may be witnessing the height of the socialistic folly at this very moment.

The last four sentences of the President's message to Congress contained some food for thought. The President said: "I know that each of you will appreciate that I am speaking no mere politeness when I assure you how much I value the fine relationship that we have shared during these months of hard and incessant work. Out of these friendly contacts we are, fortunately, building a strong and permanent tie between the legislative and executive branches of the government. The letter of the Constitution wisely declared a separation, but the impulse of common purpose declares a union. In this spirit we join once more in serving the American people."

The intelligent men who wrote our Constitution set up a system of checks and balances, separating the functions of the executive, the legislative and the judicial branches of the government, so that no one of them would take over the functions of either of the others. It was precisely the conditions of the last six months which the Constitution framers intended to guard against. It is to be hoped that some of our Congressmen will have courage enough to resume their rights and recover their prestige before we go to such lengths as the people of Russia, Italy and Germany.

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What Does It All Mean?

» » » » » » » » » The typical expression on American faces during 1933 was acute and painful bewilderment. Early in the year it was plain that just about everything was wrong. A little later it began to appear that one or two things might be right, that anyhow there was change from the earlier type of complete wrongness — but hardly any two people could be found to agree as to which, if any, things might be right, or why. And, in common justice, it must be admitted that during the whole dour year our poor human race was in an extremely puzzling situation.

» » » » » » » » » Now, just over the edge of 1934, more and more people are agreeing that some kind of order is emerging from chaos. What kind is still a matter for impassioned debate, but in the course of the next twelve-month it seems likely that even that question will be settled — as nearly as such questions ever can be settled. Consequently, we feel that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has a peculiarly full and interesting task ahead of it. In its tradition of 118 years spent untangling knotty intellectual problems in the most readable manner, we hope to have it the leading magazine of 1934 for thinking Americans. On that basis we ask your patronage.

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